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SATURDAY NIGHT

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CANADA

Ottawa Letter ..... John A. Stevenson 4
Faulty Religious "Salesmanship" ..... B. K. Sandwell 7
Holy Trinity's Nativity 10
Christmas Songs and Stories ..... Melwyn Breen 11
The Sea Yields Its Secrets to Science ..... R. A. Francis 12
Herding Cattle in the Klondike ..... Grant MacEwan 13
News Coverage Needs News Comment ..... Gwyn Kinsey 14

INTERNATIONAL

Canada's Face in the Moscow Press ..... Dr. Albert Parry 9
The Improbable Beginnings of Arthur Koestler ..... Willson Woodside 16

EDITORIALS

Purse-pinching Cure for Apathetic Voter; Eisenhower's Ideas on Korea; Senators and Comrades; Fine Art of Blurting; Man of the Week; New President of CIO; Classroom Competition 5

BUSINESS

Labor's Politics: A New Approach ..... Wilfred List 15
Why Grain Elevators Blow Up ..... T. E. Irons 20
U. S. Business: 'Fifty-three Forecast ..... R. L. Hoadley 21
Business Comment: Prices, Wages & Jobs ..... Michael Young 22

WOMEN

Indian Dinner ..... Margaret Ecker Francis 29
The Winner: Charlotte Whitton 30
Desserts With Glamour ..... Marjorie Thompson Flint 31

FILMS

"Top Secret"; "Operation Secret" ..... Mary Lowrey Ross 25

TRAVEL

"Everybody Can Have Some" ..... Beverly Grizzard 19

LIGHTER SIDE

The Day After Christmas ..... Mary Lowrey Ross 33

BOOKS

"The Face of the Arctic" (Richard Harrington) ..... D. M. LeBourdais 26
"The Wonderful Country" (Tom Lea) ..... John L. Watson 26
"The Colditz Story" (P. R. Reid) ..... J. L. Charlesworth 27

COVER: "Madonna and Child" by Grant Macdonald

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

HUGH GARNER projects the reader into the coming year with a tongue-in-cheek forecast of facts and foibles facing Canadians in 1953 . . . EUGENE FORSEY writes a sharply critical comment on Bruce Hutchison's biography of Prime Minister King. Forsey's provocative title: "A Gamble and the Constitution" . . . The unobtrusive but influential philanthropy of the Carnegie Foundation in assisting our libraries, institutions and universities is graphically outlined by SHANE MACKAY . . . Retired bank economist C. M. SHORT writes the third in a series of articles, diagnosing Canadian prices, explaining what they are and making some recommendations for stability . . . Ottawa's winter beauty is crystallized in a two-page picture story by the eminent photographer MALAK . . . R. A. FRANCIS shows how "BC's School of Mines Pays Off" when the BC and Yukon Chamber of Commerce began operating a school for prospective prospectors . . . It's close to five years since the women of Canada first laid down the law to the garment trade in the matter of standardizing sizes of clothing for themselves and their children. The Canadian Government Specifications Board recently met in Ottawa to discuss the matter with consumers and manufacturers. The findings are reported by KAY REX in "The Large and Small of It".

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"Once upon a time Canada was just a 'Poor Cousin' . . ."

OTTAWA LETTER

Senate Is Busy on Criminal Code

by John A. Stevenson

MR. ARTHUR MEIGHEN once declared that the House of Commons was a theatre and the Senate a workshop; this session the upper house of Parliament is making a noble effort to justify the claim.

It contains no colorful personalities and no masters of purple oratory like Senator John Webster of Brockville. He once made this ringing forecast: "If the heavens were a blackboard and the Rocky Mountains were chalk, they would not suffice to picture the destinies of this great dominion."

The composition of its personnel has also become as hopelessly lopsided as an embattled array of 75 Liberal Senators face a feeble opposition of 8 Progressive-Conservatives, some of whom are habitual invalids. And their leader, Senator Haig, wields no flaming parliamentary sword. But in recent sessions the situation has been saved by the independent attitude of a group of Liberals led by Senators Crerar, Euler and Lambert. They have subjected governmental legislation to careful scrutiny and sharp criticism when it was needed, and have often secured the insertion of desirable amendments.

Long membership of the House of Commons is in itself an educational process, and today the Senate has a substantial contingent of parliamentary veterans, who have an informed knowledge of our major problems. And it also has a quota of experienced lawyers, who are adepts at detecting flaws in legislation and suggesting useful improvements in it.

The Senate has been smarting under the contemptuous treatment meted out to it by the present Government. This session it is making a resolute effort to prove its value to the nation. While the House of Commons has been dawdling over the debate on the Address, and has virtually no progress with vital legislation to show, the Senate has been working assiduously. It is true that its debate on the Address is not yet finished but it has been treated as an unimportant sideline and interrupted to permit attention to the more serious business of legislation. Already this session the Senate has passed through all their stages, 13 public bills and three private bills, which can be sent to the Commons at any time. And some of its various committees have been working long hours. It has also taken in hand the onerous task of revising the criminal code, which contains over 700 clauses.

The preliminary spadework for this job was done by a special committee headed by Chief-Justice Martin of Saskatchewan. Its recommendations about amendments are now being studied by a subcommittee of the Senate's Committee on Banking and Commerce. This body which contains a number of competent lawyers, has been going through the code with a fine tooth comb. Whenever it finds provisions that are obsolete or inadequate to meet modern conditions, it has been framing appropriate amendments.

It has also been hearing the representations of interested witnesses. It showed great liberality of outlook when it agreed to hear spokesmen of the Communist Party and immense forbearance when it listened patiently on December 11 to a long political harangue by Mr. Tim Buck. Any exponent of the merits of capitalism who sought in Moscow the same privilege as was freely accorded to Mr. Buck would have been given short shrift. It is to the credit of our Senate that it upheld the principle of freedom of speech.

The subcommittee of the Senate expects to complete its revision of the Criminal Code before the adjournment and secure the endorsement of the whole House. It hopes that its work has been done so thoroughly that the Commons when it examines its proposed amendments will be satisfied with most of them and feel able to give the revised code speedy passage.

Poles Apart

THERE was an aroma of staleness about the House debate on the Address before it was wound up under a threat that it must end before Parliament was permitted to adjourn. Most of the later speakers were engaged in threshing old straw and such of their colleagues as paid them the compliment of listening to their discourses usually wore a look of patient boredom.

Unfortunately, few of these pamphlets will be in the class of light reading.

On December 11, however, there was a well-filled house when the word went round that Mr. Coldwell, CCF leader, intended to speak his mind about some recent performances of chieftains of the Social Credit party. Between the CCF and the Social Crediters there has never been any love lost. Occasionally they vote together but they are poles apart in their philosophies; their personal relations have long been the reverse of cordial. Yet it is only during the present year that the quarrel between them has assumed the ferocity of a clan feud in the Scottish highlands of old.

Earlier in the session Mr. Low had castigated Mr. Coldwell for what he called questionable tactics when the latter intervened in provincial by-elections held in British Columbia on November 11. A sharp controversial exchange which ensued had left Mr. Coldwell feeling that Mr. Low's charges required a fuller answer.

But the two antagonists in the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

EDITORIALS

Purse-pinching Cure for Apathetic Voter

AT THIS TIME of the year a popular pastime in the public prints is deploring the apathetic attitude of voters toward civic elections. There is an annual flood of suggestions for reviving municipal interest, but this flood never manages to reach a level dangerous to the public's self-esteem before being dammed and diverted by such absorbing topics as snowstorms and baseball trades. The suggestions range all the way from dropping delinquents from the voters' lists to all-out advertising campaigns backed by the full panoply of publicity. The viewers-with-alarm, however, seem not to have noticed an odd circumstance: while the people who are supposed to elect municipal councils show a massive indifference to the composition of those councils, the elected representatives make desperate representations to the provincial and Federal Governments for help in solving the mounting problems of municipal financing.

It cannot be denied that the burden of property taxation, increasing each year, places most municipalities in a very vulnerable position. A greater percentage of people casting votes in municipal elections would not help solve that problem, but a greater indifference by those elected certainly would solve the puzzle of how to get eligible voters to the polls.

It might appear to be too heroic a solution, something like curing a cancer by administering a stiff dose of strychnine, but there is a strong argument that indifference to elections is much more of a danger to society than a possible collapse of the system of municipal financing.

The consensus is that lack of "important issues" is the main reason for municipal apathy. It may be so. To attribute it to cynicism would be terrifying. It would be, too, a facile acceptance of the current dogma of hopelessness. We have a profound faith in the conscience of the individual voter—a conscience which may be undisturbed by such relatively unimportant matters as school curricula and payment for indigent hospital patients but which leaps to angry life when the exposed nerve of pecuniary self-interest is touched.

A more cavalier attitude by mayors, reeves, aldermen and councillors toward their municipal problems might doom them personally to political limbo, but it certainly would arouse greater interest in elections, if only because the individual voter wants to protect his interest in his pay cheque or his property. That such a protective interest does not exist in most municipalities at present is shown by the percentages of those voting in various places during the last couple of weeks—18 per cent in one community, 22 in another, 25 in another.

Eisenhower's Ideas on Korea

BRITAIN and most other UN allies of the U.S. exhaled a gusty sigh of relief when Eisenhower, shedding his temporary military trappings and resuming his role of President-elect, indicated after his recent trip to Korea that there would be no expansion of the war to China. The British view has been that while a decisive military victory could not be won in Korea, limited military action could improve the UN's bargaining powers in truce negotiations; meanwhile strong efforts should be made to convince the Chinese Communists they are not only dancing to a Muscovite tune but paying the piper as well.

Just what will be done in Korea is still in the sphere of supposition, but one thing is certain: the involvement in Korea, however important it is to those who are being bled of lives and resources, is only an active symptom of an encroaching disease. This is the disease which entered the global bloodstream when Lenin first pronounced that Communism and what he called capitalism could not exist side by side.

Lenin's successors have made this clear with an arrogant disregard for non-Communist opinion, particularly since the presidential election in the United States. Inside their orbit of control, they have launched another series of brutal purges, ostensibly anti-Zionist but also an object lesson in advance for the people in the slave states of the consequences of heeding any new western encouragement to sabotage and domestic discord. Outside, in the councils of the sadly-disunited United Nations, they have underscored the threat of an enlarged war by making a mockery of reasoned negotiation. The manner in which they rejected the Indian truce proposal showed their intense fear of the principle of voluntary repatriation of prisoners of war — a fear not allowed to languish by the memory of the many thousands of Soviet troops who deserted during World War II.

Eisenhower already may have sketched the outlines of his Korean policy, but he is to have at least one more bit of advice. That fast-fading old soldier, General MacArthur, in a gallant but twilight bid for another scrap of public attention, said he had a peace plan for Korea and was willing to give it to the President-elect. Eisenhower, of course, said he would be glad to talk it over.

Of much greater import than his talk with MacArthur will be Eisenhower's meeting early in the new year with Prime Minister Churchill. The conference of Commonwealth prime ministers was to a considerable extent preparatory to this meeting; so much of what the Commonwealth nations hope to do is predicated on the economic and international policies of the new administration in the United States.

A Tow Truck Badly Needed

Senators and Comrades

MR. TIM BUCK must watch his step. When he appeared before the Senate committee on banking and commerce to plead against toughening the sedition and treason sections of the Criminal Code, he addressed the Senators at one point in his speech as "comrades." The senators, being well-bred gentlemen, did not correct him, although some are reported to have smiled.

We do not fear for Mr. Buck on this account, however. The Senators are old and wise men, and have survived many shocks more severe than being called "comrade" by a Communist. He may have exasperated them by his apparent inability to stick to his subject and his ingenuous inclination to discuss such topics as U.S. exploitation of

Canadian natural resources and the presence of U.S. airmen in this country. But exasperation is quickly forgotten, along with its cause.

Rather, we fear that Mr. Buck's slip was due to a lapse of memory. If this happens to be symptomatic, one of these days Mr. Buck may address some of his comrades as "senators," and then the fat really will be in the fire. Comrades are a much more suspicious breed than Senators and show an active dislike for anything that smacks of decadent capitalism. The Senate, of course, smacks very loudly.

Still, if Mr. Buck does happen to indulge in such a lapse, we hope we are there at the time. It would be one of those Moments.

Fine Art of Blurting

FOR ONE breathless moment during the debate at Ottawa on the Speech from the Throne it appeared that the proceedings might be enlivened by a discussion of the whys and wherefores of blurting. Mr. Howard Green, deploring "the smugness of the Government on this question of Commonwealth trade," claimed Trade Minister Howe had "blurted out" a statement in the middle of a speech in Vancouver. Mr. Howe firmly denied this: "On a question of privilege, Mr. Speaker, may I say that I do not blurt." There was one more exchange, but there the matter ended, which is a pity. A little blurting would not only enliven the proceedings in Parliament but would be greatly entertaining and enlightening to those who follow the proceedings.

Most people would be interested, for instance, in a few blurts by Mr. Claxton, who thus might clear away some of the fog of confusion and irritation through which public opinion must grope to find the policies governing Canada's military build-up. There have been very pleasing, very reassuring statements on military policies, but the statements and their practical application do not seem to come together at many points.

In reply to charges that Canada's defence effort costs much too much per man, it has been argued that the high cost is due to our extra work in military research and technical preparation, but this answer is weakened when it appears that military preparation includes the provision of enough raincoats for a couple of generations of CWACs and the placing of enough orders for such essential items as dress ties to earn the Government a life subscription to "Tailor and Cutter."

There might be, too, a few blurts from Citizenship Minister Harris on immigration, a matter which has received coy treatment during the last couple of years. That the country needs a positive, aggressive immigration policy cannot be questioned. It is as important as national defence, since in many ways it is a part of national defence, which is based as much on human as on natural resources.

The Opposition should be constantly aware of the need for frequent blurting by Government members; indeed, it can be considered a duty of the Opposition to provide the occasion for such blurting. Mr. John Diefenbaker has shown himself capable of teasing blurts from across the floor of the House, and others would do well to study his technique. One member who could be an expert at the blurt-producing technique, if he applied himself, would be Mr. Pouliot, although he would be more effective on the other side of the House.

To produce the best blurt effects, however, something would need to be done about the sound-amplifying system recently installed in the House of Commons. The system has overcome the bad acoustics of the chamber and speeches are now clearly audible, but questions and interjections thrown at the speaker from the floor seem to be muffled. This has the effect of reducing heckling, and the heckle is the logical first step toward a blurt.

Man of the Week

FOR THE PAST few weeks, in garishly decorated department store Toylands, in small town shop windows, in a thousand lodge halls, schoolrooms and hospital wards, the tired old gentleman in the centre-page photograph has reached out to the hearts and minds of Western man.

Sometimes he was a big jolly gentleman enthroned on a department store dais with a backdrop depicting the North Pole, and at other times he was a thinner figure who turned out to be Uncle George or the man who delivers the laundry. Whoever he was in the flesh, in spirit he represented a

—Jim Lynch

'Twas the Night *After* Christmas

1600-year-old heritage that has been handed down to free men everywhere as the embodiment of an idea. The idea that they—through Santa Claus—show their love for children on Christmas Day, the birthday of the Christ child.

And who can measure Santa's worth? Who can say that the small city boy welcomed his electric train more than the child in a homestead cabin looked forward to his stocking filled with candy and an orange? Who received more on Christmas, the goggle-eyed youngsters opening their gifts, or the parents who stood and watched them?

For all of us shared equally in Christmas, and for the one day out of the year we realized that we were all members of the human family; that each of us was the parent of every child.

Though Santa Claus climbed down many chimneys he also walked through many doors. He entered some small homes disguised in a business suit and carrying a box of groceries and toys, the unselfish gifts of anonymous clubs and service groups. In others he came and went without a sound, leaving behind him under the living-room tree a plethora of presents which reflected the prosperity—and love—of more fortunate parents. He was heard in the stealthy movements of a widowed mother hanging stockings on a bed rail, and in the quiet footsteps of a father who had scrimped and saved for months to uphold the myth that Santa does not disappoint.

For the white-bearded gentleman is a living myth, and through him beats the collective heart of all humanity. He is gone now for another year, but behind him he leaves a heritage of happiness. Let us not forget him, and let us all join in saying, "Thank you Santa Claus—thanks for everything!"

New President of CIO

WHAT MAKES Walter run? That was a question people, in labor organizations and outside them, have been asking since Mr. Walter Reuther was elected to succeed the late Mr. Philip Murray as president of the CIO. The answer to the question was sought as a clue to the future form and course of the CIO.

Mr. Reuther is aggressive and ruthless—but so is a gangster. He has a fiery tongue and is sharp in debate—but so are many obscure rabble-rousers. He has a driving ambition—but so has many a man whose wishes outrun his ability. It is when these qualities join with a broad intellectual capacity that a man rises above the mass of his fellows as Mr. Reuther has done.

Some orthodox trade unionists have called Mr. Reuther, rather contemptuously, an "idea boy." It is an apt description, because he is a man of ideas which go far beyond the common trade-union thesis of more pay and less work. He has been restlessly active in his examination of union direction in relation to such matters as industrial techniques, traditional radicalism and political action. (And what a horrible mouthful that makes!) This marks the line of cleavage between the Reuther forces and the more orthodox trade unionists in the CIO. What effect this cleavage will have on the future fortunes of the CIO cannot be judged with accuracy now, but a great deal will depend on Mr. Reuther's own response to the tug-of-war between an urge to power and pursuit of a social vision.

Classroom Competition

DR. W. E. BLATZ, director of the Institute of Child Study at the University of Toronto, spoke at a teachers' convention in Calgary the other day, and promptly drew fire from editorial snipers who undoubtedly had been lying in wait. Dr. Blatz probably enjoyed it immensely, because he has a habit of offering himself as a target.

"The belief that competition is undesirable among children in school is one of the curious anomalies of some modern thinking on education," growled *The Edmonton Journal* in the introductory paragraph of an attack on the Blatz theories.

It is our belief that competition between schoolchildren will be eliminated only when classes have no more than one pupil apiece.

It might be wise, however, for Dr. Blatz to consider the possibility of attack from a new direction. Mr. T. D. MacDonald, who is commissioner of the Combines Investigation Act, seems to have been very active recently and if he runs out of suspected combines in the business world he might occupy his time with preparation of a report on the elimination of competition in the classrooms. Then Dr. Blatz would find himself in a difficult position indeed. While Mr. MacDonald's reports claim the supposed combines operate "to the detriment of the public," they do not necessarily offer evidence that such is the case. Dr. Blatz has been called several things but never a combine.

"LOST CHURCHES OF CHINA"

Faulty Religious "Salesmanship"

by B. K. Sandwell

AN EXTRAORDINARY book has been written by a Canadian missionary to China, Dr. Leonard M. Outerbridge, and is published by Ryerson ($4). It is called "The Lost Churches of China", and its key sentence is the words: "Western Christians seem to forget that Jesus Christ was born in Asia."

Dr. Outerbridge's accent is on the "lack of humility" shown by Christians, and specifically by Christian missionaries in their dealings with the historic cultures of the East, and above all with the very high moral and intellectual traditions of Confucian China. He is violently opposed to the Karl Barth doctrine that "the missionary is not to 'fraternize', nor accept the fellowship of fallen faiths", and he holds that there is no

ground for supposing that Jesus would have regarded the religious heritage of the Chinese as "fallen faiths".

Few Christian missionaries, he says, "entered into a sympathetic appreciation and understanding of the men who had walked with God in China's historic past." Missionaries have attempted to monopolize God, and have been "afraid to let God loose lest He manifest himself to the non-Christian world in a manner far from their domesticated idea of what God should be like." And "before Christianity can hope to be worthy of a permanent place in Chinese life it must believe that the awareness of the Holy, which we describe as God and ascribe to God, was possessed by such great souls as Confucius and Lao Tzu."

MUCH of Dr. Outerbridge's criticism has just as much application to Christianity operating in Canada as to Christianity operating in China. The extent to which organized religion has suffered from the influence of an intensively competitive "salesmanship" economy is not much less in Canada and the United States than in the countries where Christianity is still a missionary enterprise. "The pressure of salesmanship to concentrate only on the salesman's product or brand has its counterpart in the multiplicity of sects in the modern missionary approach to China." It has indeed, but has it not also in the modern approach of the churches to the unconverted of Toronto and Montreal?

The Communist government is burning all Confucian texts in libraries and universities, and forbidding the teaching of Confucian principles. But the undermining of Confucianism was largely brought about by Christian missionaries, who feared the possible establishment of Confucianism as an official religion. "Little did they realize that the ground lost by Confucius would be occupied in large measure by the forces of atheism, materialism and Communism."

ANOTHER cause of loss has been the very heavy accent placed in recent years on the material benefits of the "social gospel" and the tendency to associate Christianity with large donations for the health and education of those who accepted the new religion. In many missions, it would seem, so much interest has been taken in these things that there has been little time or energy left for the preaching of the Christian gospel. This, of course, is also a reflection of what has been going on at home, and in both localities it is a by-product of an intensely materialistic state of mind, which attaches more importance to the saving of the body than to the saving of the soul. For this reason the book is important not only to Christians interested in missions—which should of course include all of them—but to Christians interested in the state of religion in their own countries.

Dr. Outerbridge is convinced that the triumph of Communism in China is far less due to the strength of its own doctrine than to the weaknesses of Christianity as presented to the Chinese, but these weaknesses are the common impediment of the Christian church of today not alone in China but everywhere in the world.

The Bishop of London, Dr. J. W. C. Wand, has written a small but very useful book on "What St. Paul Said" which might make a footnote to Dr. Outerbridge, since Paul's chief activity was directed against a narrow nationalism in religion as advocated by the Judaizing party in the early church, not at all unlike the spirit which tends to make modern Christianity a purely European, or even a purely British or American, religion.

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OUR DIET, DOG FOOD

Canada's Face in the Moscow Press

by Albert Parry

THE KREMLIN'S "Hate-Canada" campaign is by no means on the scale of its "Hate-America" onslaught. Yet Canada is neither forgotten nor forgiven in Moscow for being—to quote the Moscow *Krokodil* of July 20—"inspired by aggressive North Atlantic feelings."

Canadian soldiers stationed in West Germany are the target of this particular sally. They are pictured as husky rowdies and drunken beasts. But even as they waylay innocent German passers-by to belabor them with fists, each Canadian soldier "has in his side-pocket the very moral booklet published by the Canadian Ministry of Defense under the enticing title, 'To Europe!' "

"This soul-saving manual, furnished with a lyric preface by Defence Minister Claxton himself, is composed with a fine aim—to captivate, charm and soften the embittered hearts of all West Europeans . . . The authors of this edifying text, fearing the merciless hatred of the peace-loving populace of Western Europe, give the Canadian soldier-occupant numerous pointers on how to conduct himself in a strange house, on what is and what is not permissible there."

From their superiors the Maple Leaf men "hear the plea not to emulate Americans in their drunken and brawling conduct." Alas, imbued with those well-known and much-lamented "aggressive North Atlantic feelings, Canadian soldiers do not heed their commanders' entreaties but behave precisely like Yankees."

The Canadian government, "brethren of the American imperialists", is pushing young men into the armed forces by "closing the doors of Canadian universities to the youth of Canada by raising tuition fees", says *Novoye Vremia*. Canadian youth is offered "only a prospect of war and militarism, the prospect of becoming cannon fodder for the United States."

ACCORDING to Moscow, nothing good can or does come from Ottawa, that "handmaiden" of Washington. On June 8 *Krasnaya Zvezda*, the Soviet Army's organ, denounced the government of Canada as "the American satellite preparing actively for germ warfare." The newspaper of the Red armed forces declared that Canada's work on bacteriological weapons and various poison gases had been carried on at a secret base in Alberta for several years, and that the pattern of such work was all Yankee.

From the Moscow *Trud*, a "labor" paper, we learn that Canada's rulers are naught but "modern slaveowners" who now ape "American slaveowners in chasing Indians into 'reservations' which hardly differ from concentration camps." And surely the Soviets know what they are talking about there!

In *Novoye Vremia* of June 4 we read indignant cries about the bold action of American trade-union leaders who were allowed to come to Montreal to kick Communists out of Canadian textile unions. Who if not the Canadian government is responsible for this "invasion" from the United States? "Canada has long since become one of the obedient vassals of the U.S.A.," declares the Moscow *Literaturnaya Gazeta*.

The "almighty" American dollar is made into the chief villain of the piece. The Moscow monthly *Vorposy Ekonomiki*, which ran a long article full of heavy statistics under the headline "Investments of the U.S.A. Are a Tool of Canada's Enslavement" last winter, returned to this subject in February with this observation:

"American imperialists in their fight against English imperialists base themselves on their strengthened economic and political positions in the dominions. During World War II the economic domination of American capital in Canada was bolstered by a series of military-political agreements which tied this British dominion to the chariot of American imperialism forever."

CANADA'S "enslavement" is further stressed in a dispatch from Delhi by TASS, official Soviet news agency, last April, revealing the alleged pressure of the State Department in Washington on Mr. Pearson in Ottawa "not to send grain so badly needed by India." It seems that the Ottawa government had agreed to sell India 200,000 tons of Canadian grain but Washington didn't like it at all and so tried to "create handicaps" in the paths of the two countries.

With the proposal by Congressman Timothy P. Sheeehan of Illinois in January 1952 to take over Canada in settlement of the British debt to the United States, Moscow had a field day.

So little attention did Mr. Sheehan or his project receive in the American press that even the super-sharp eyes of the TASS men in Washington and New York failed to spot the news, or see it in *The Congressional Record*. It remained for the TASS man in Ottawa to dig it up and serve it to his boss in Moscow as a fancy dish.

Nearly a year later the Sheehan ball of hot air is still being tossed about in the Kremlin's journals with much relish and under such banner headlines as "U.S.A. Are Buying Canada," "The Good-Hearted Neighbor," "Yanks in Canada," and so on. *Krokodil* for July 10 had a translation of a "funny" skit on the subject from the Communist *Canadian Tribune*.

Typical of the treatment is this cartoon by Boris Yefimov, a foremost Soviet cartoonist, in *Novoye Vremia*, showing Uncle Sam demanding from the depressed British shopkeeper certain choice bits of his imperial map. The largest piece is lettered "Canada," others are indicated as British Honduras and the Pacific islands of Pitcairn and Elizabeth. Even the British Isles are up for sale.

In sum, to quote *Literaturnaya Gazeta* of May 20, down the drain goes Canada as the victim in this "fierce struggle between the predatory imperialists" of the United States and Great Britain! Shame on Canada's ruling classes who have already permitted "a considerable part of their country to be occupied by American troops"! Curses upon Canada's rulers (from *Novoye Vremia*) for bringing about Canada's "subjection to the United States" and the American dollar's rapacious might, "so increasingly clear with each day"!

THE FACT that the "subjugated" Canadian dollar is now worth more than the "almighty" American dollar is hardly mentioned in the Soviet press, and not at all explained in terms of Canadian prosperity.

In a letter from a Canadian sympathizer of the Soviets, one George Palmer of Vancouver, British Columbia, printed in *Novoye Vremia* for July 23, we actually read that "the false wartime prosperity in Canada is over," and that Canada, "having become the tail of the American kite, is shaken by each and every gust of wind shaking the flimsy capitalistic economy."

As proof of bleak times for Canada, *Trud* wrote in its leading editorial of December 30, 1951 that the toiling masses of Canada are reduced to eating —dog food! Yes, "the working people of Canada more and more often use for their food the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

—Yefimov in Noviya Vremia, Moscow

MOSCOW VIEW of the Sheehan Incident: Canada for Sale. "The American Creditor in the British Shop."

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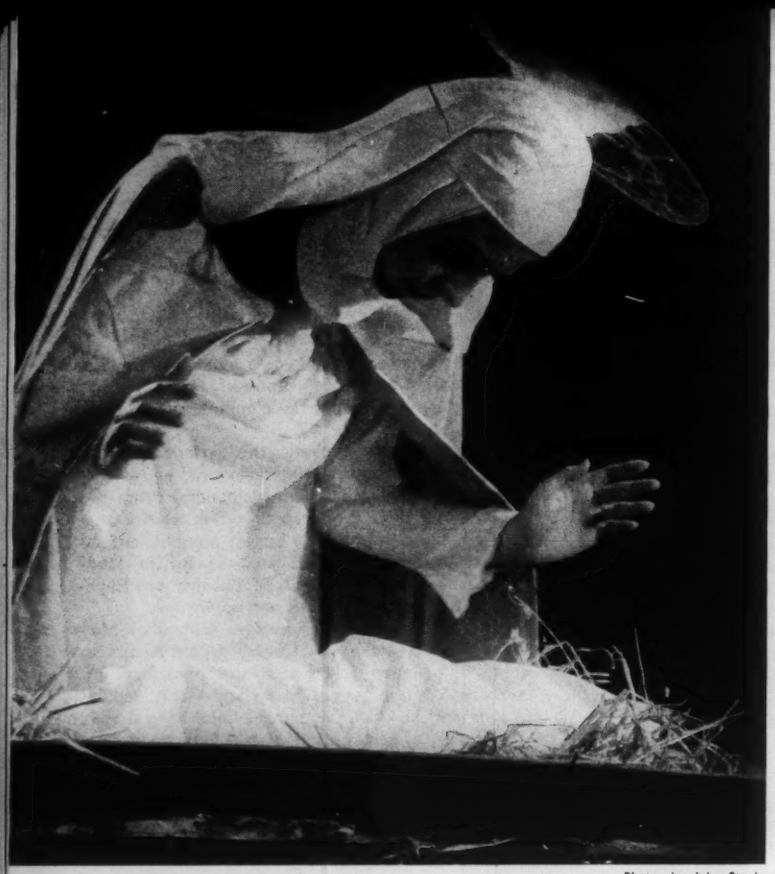


—Photos by John Steele

DRAMA TRADITION

Holy Trinity's Nativity

SINCE 1937 an event that is fast gaining a traditional flavor is the Nativity Play annually presented by the Church of the Holy Trinity, Toronto. The Church is situated in one of the poorer sections of the City and the light that streams through its beautifully executed stained-glass windows filters down through the canyons formed by the industrial buildings that overshadow the Church. Every night during the first two weeks of December crowds queue up before the door of the Church patiently waiting for admission to the recreation, by tableau and music, of the symbolic story of Christmas.

The people of the parish make up the 80-player cast. Since it is a downtown parish people of the black and yellow as well as white races cooperate in presenting the Story. The music is chosen from the best liturgical and other religious works and is sung by a gallery choir. The players perform the roles in costumes that are reverently authentic and under lights that heighten the solemnity as well as the joy of the occasion. On this page, SN presents highlights from the well-loved event.

STORIES AND SONGS OF THE SEASON

Christmas: Many Things to All Men

by Melwyn Breen

"A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy a second coal scuttle before you dot another 'i', Bob Cratchit!"

IF IT ISN'T quite true—as some cynics of the day would have it—that Charles Dickens invented Christmas, certainly his stories about it have helped to set the spirit of Christmas in literature. No anthology of Christmas would dare to go to press without "A Christmas Carol". But then no anthology about Christmas would deserve its title without Scrooge anyway.

Similarly, O. Henry's "The Gift of the Magi" seems never to lose its charm despite countless repetitions of it in short-story collections, in radio readings and dramatizations and, just recently, a film version. Both this story and "A Christmas Carol" have set their stamp on Christmas through their almost universal popularity, but they have also managed to put an *Anglo-Saxon* stamp on the event. Since every artist of every nationality automatically interprets an experience in the light of his country's approach to it, a survey of the literature of Christmas as seen in other lands might be one way of proving to oneself just how universal the spirit of Christmas really is.

A COUPLE of years ago I was given a beautifully designed book called "The World's Greatest Christmas Stories". It is edited by Eric Posselt who begins his short introduction to it by saying, "No event in the history of mankind has had a deeper or more lasting effect than the Nativity. It has influenced people in every walk of life, but its impact on the creative geniuses of the world has been particularly profound. The world's greatest paintings, the world's most famous music and certainly a great number of masterpieces of prose have been directly inspired by it."

A description of the contents of the book would of necessity be little more than a list. But here, for what it's worth, are some of the authors, titles, and—perhaps even more important—the different countries from which Posselt has drawn the literature to prove his point about the universality of Christmas and its peculiar impact on creative genius.

Beginning with our own country, there is "The Errors of Santa Claus", Stephen Leacock's mock-cynical description of a family's personal predilection for those presents that they have ostensibly bought for each other. Then there's Mazo de la Roche's "The Waning Year", an excerpt from "Return to Jalna"; and Louis Hémon's "One Thousand Aves" from "Maria Chapdelaine". From the United States there is, of course, "The Gift of the Magi", also "How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar" by Bret Harte; "Dancing Dan's Christmas" by Damon Runyon; "The Tree That Didn't Get Trimmed" by Christopher Morley. All writers very different from each other, each an individualist, yet each contributing a common and peculiarly American view of Christmas: perhaps sentimental, even more sentimental than Dickens. But Christmas, it seems, brings the American spirit forth, still with its tough exterior but with its sentimentality exposed.

It isn't so easy to sum up—rightly or wrongly—the outlook of the many European countries whose attitude towards Christmas is presented in this book. But the attitudes are there for the discerning eye to see. But whether you approach the book in the anthropological spirit or just because you like stories about Christmas, there you'll find a great deal to think about. Austria gives us "The Carpenter's Christmas" by Peter K. Rosegger to show that Christmas is still intimately holy and, in spite of all attempts to commercialize it, remains essentially a religious festival. France contributes "The Three Low Masses" by Alphonse Daudet; "Cosette" by Victor Hugo; "A Christmas Story" by Guy de Maupassant. From Germany: "Christmas at the Buddenbrook's" by Thomas Mann; "Fifty Marks" by Hans Fallada; "A Christmas Party" by Gerhart Hauptmann; "Twilight Hour" by Theodore Storm.

All of these stories are known, perhaps not as Dickens or O. Henry are. They are available in many collections. But not so familiar are "Winter" by Ladislas Reymont, a Christmas story from Poland; or "A Christmas Tale" by Queen Marie of Romania; or "A Tragedy" by Antonio Mare, a contribution from Spain. In addition, stories from Denmark, Finland ("A Long Way, Indeed" by Arvid Lydecken), Holland, Hungary, Ireland, Italy, Portugal, Sweden, Switzerland and Yugoslavia. It's also particularly heartening—or nostalgic depending on the state of your belief in the possibility of a return—that Russia should be represented by four stories by the great men of the Old Regime: Tolstoy "Where Love Is, There God Is Also"; Chekhov "Vanyka"; Dostoevsky "A Christmas Story"; Gorki "Christmas Phantoms".

For children, there seems to me to be no better way of putting Christmas in its proper, tender perspective than by reading from this book. United by a common theme that is by necessity and by nature a universal one—one that embodies love and the sense of our common humanity—the collection perhaps serves to show that there is, after all, a way towards "One World". And for good, entertaining seasonal reading a collection like this—and there are others, though none quite so comprehensive—should prove pleasurable for years to come.

I DON'T know if there's a book like Posselt's that shows the origin, history and common spirit of the world's Christmas carols but I should think that it would serve a purpose as useful as his. Posselt includes a carol or Christmas hymn with each section of his book to show each country's favorite or, at least, representative work. I should think the stories and legends that mark them as the national or representative song would be very interesting. For the ones we know best of all seem to have interesting stories behind them.

"It Came Upon a Midnight Clear", for instance. It was written by a young American boy, Elward Hamilton Sears, a descendant of Pilgrim Fathers. Sears was working in a field near Sandisfield, Mass., and as he worked composed two verses of poetry. He had no paper or pencil with him so he took a piece of chalk in the soil and wrote some of the words on his hat. He continued to write poetry and a few years later produced the beloved hymn.

"Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" comes, of course, from Charles Wesley who spent most of his life dodging sticks and stones hurled by a wrathful populace. He began his early career by preaching at Newgate around the middle of the eighteenth century. He would often spend the last night with the condemned prisoners and finally shared their last journeys to Tyburn. It was his joy in life, in spite of the abuse he received in his itinerant preaching throughout England, that inspired the carol. He first wrote it as "Hark how the welkin rings" and later altered the opening line to the one we know. The music comes from Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

Then there's "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen", one of those numerous carols that passed from generation to generation by word of mouth. It began as an old London street song and was sung as the holly went up. "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night" is one of the six hymns that were admitted into permanent use of the Church of England. It was partly

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

The Crib

by Robert Finch

THEY are making a crêche at the Saturday morning classes
For the Christmas party: scissors and paper vie
With fingers and plasticine until there are masses
Of sheep and shepherds that kneel and stand and lie,

And cotton-batting angels with cellophane wings
And a golded cardboard star and string to guide it
And pipe-cleaner camels carrying tinfoil kings
And a real straw manger with Joseph and Mary beside it.

But the manger is empty. The Saturday classes contain
So many different faiths, there is a danger
Of giving offense; there was once no room in the inn,
Now there is no room for him in the manger.

Of course he will understand, his love is hearty
Enough to forgive and forget the being slighted
And true enough not to offend at the birthday party
By showing up where he is uninvited.

Besides he is long accustomed to the manners
Of centuries that consecrate the snub
Of Christmas honoured, not the one it honours.
Strange they should trouble to give the crêche a crib.

The Sea Yields Its Secrets to Science

Oceanographers are studying problems that affect every branch of science and industry as they pool their varied specialties

by Robert Francis

A GROUP of scientists at the University of British Columbia have decided there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and they're putting their combined knowledge to work to help fishermen catch more of the ones still there.

At the same time the professors and students at the Institute of Oceanography are studying the chemicals, metals and plants in the waters of the Pacific Coast, as well as the complex forces which produce or affect tides, weather, navigation, coastal erosion and silting in harbors and estuaries.

Are salmon led back to their spawning grounds by some subtlety of chemical makeup in the water? Can the straggling, slimy masses of brown seaweed—kelp—be harvested and used economically? Can lobster or oyster beds be sown where nothing of commercial value now grows? Can calcium or potassium be recovered cheaply from the ocean in important quantities?

At the Institute of Oceanography scientists are pondering these and other problems, and instructing graduate students of physics, chemistry, zoology, botany and biology in the interrelationship of the sciences applied to the study of oceans.

Dr. G. L. Pickard, a physicist who is teaching and studying at the Institute, says that everything in the sea is so closely related that an oceanographer must understand other aspects of its study in addition to his own specialty.

While the Institute, set up by Dr. W. A. Clemens in 1949 as a graduate school, is primarily concerned with the Pacific Coast, the work of oceanographers in all parts of the world for a century back has been drawn upon.

THE WORK of the Institute, which its staff emphasizes is only a beginning, is regarded by both Federal and Provincial governments as highly important. In the study of particular problems it gets help from the National Research Council, the RCN, Fisheries Research Board, Hydrographic Survey and Defence Research Board.

Much of the gear used in practical oceanography is basically simple. The water sampling bottle, lowered to a given depth and snapped shut by a weight slid down the wire, is one of the principal devices. A few samples of water taken like this from various depths at a given point, says chemist Dr. M. Kirsch, gives him and his students material for weeks of laboratory work. This involves analysis of the water's metal and chemical content, its nutritive value, plankton content and other characteristics.

Another piece of equipment is the "bottom snapper," an apparatus like two half shells coming together, which picks up sediment from the ocean floor. The long sampler, on the principle of the oil well core borer, brings up samples from 75 feet below bottom.

The bathythermograph, which at a glance looks something like an incendiary bomb, records a graduated temperature reading as it descends in the water. Another useful gadget is the Ekman current meter, a mechanically simple machine which gives current readings. There is a legend in the business that every oceanographer sooner or later invents a current meter, then throws it away and uses an Ekman.

BC is a particularly interesting region for an oceanographer. Its hundreds of bays, fjords and rivers give it a highly irregular coastline with many factors, including tides and river estuaries, affecting the makeup and movements of adjacent waters.

While much of the Institute's experimental work is long range and even academic, for the present, other phases touch on practical aspects of the province's basic industries, and its inhabitants.

The mysterious force which brings salmon home to their spawning grounds in BC lakes and streams, one of nature's most intriguing puzzles, may possibly be revealed by chemical oceanographers. This apparently academic inquiry could lead to hitherto unsuspected and useful facts about the vital fishing industry.

With conservation and expanded growth of seaweed in mind for future commercial use, Dr. R. F. Scagel, a botanist who recently joined the Institute, has been studying the kelp beds at Hardy Bay for the BC Research Council. Here the problem is to correlate the facts of chemical and physical oceanography with the facts of oceanic botany. From this mass of facts can be drawn conclusions useful to fishermen and manufacturers who can put kelp to use.

Utilization in paper, food and textiles, and agriculture could call for huge quantities of kelp, and scientists figure the yield could be increased to about 20 million tons annually, about the same as the world catch of fish.

Chemists studying oceanography have long known that while the amount of metals in the sea may vary from region to region, the relative amounts of each remain constant. The effect of metals on fish and plant growth is being studied. And while an economic method of recovering magnesium from the sea has been in use for some years, Dr. Kirsch and his colleagues are experimenting on such questions as whether sodium and potassium can be recovered at an economic cost.

Sea water itself is a complex chemical mixture containing most of the elements in some quantity, many of them affecting botanical and biological growth of ocean organisms. There's enough gold in the world's oceans, scientists have calculated, to give every man, woman and child on the globe $4,000 worth. But recovery costs would be sky-high.

SEDIMENT from the ocean floor also yields interesting and important clues in the interpretation of geological history. Geologists, and also astronomers have found particular interest in the work of oceanographers who bring up sediment samples from up to 75 feet below the ocean floor. Deposited slowly for millions of years, its fossil content, and measurement of its radioactivity give a more detailed time scale for past eons of geological history than similar formations on land.

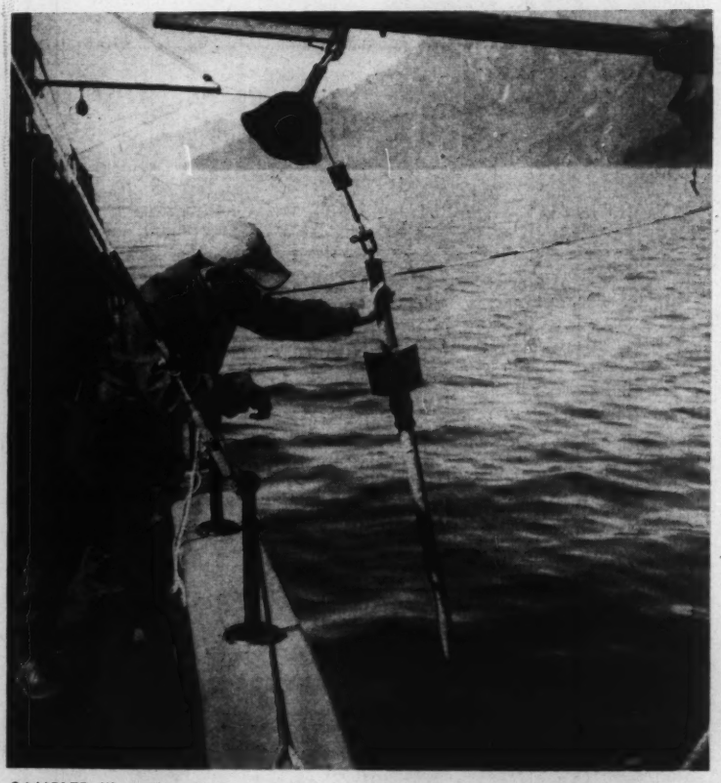
Astronomers study the implications of the presence of certain elements such as nickel under the ocean floor.

The location and study of plankton, composed of living organisms invisible to the naked eye, is important to commercial fishermen. Examination of its development and movement helps scientists predict where and when it will be plentiful.

The study of waves, which indirectly helps meteorologists find and also predict weather formations, is a boon to seamen and fliers. Oil scientists, who believe half the remaining world supply is in sedimentary rocks beneath the ocean, need to know how waves and tidal actions will affect drilling.

Though UBC's Institute is interested mainly in the Pacific Coast, it has on occasion been further afield. Dr. W. M. Cameron, the Institute's triple threat man, is a physicist, zoologist and meterologist, and has spent his summers for two years studying his specialties in the Beaufort Sea.

In the future, Canadians may be hearing a lot of useful things they never suspected about the oceans which wash their shores.



SAMPLER like oil well borer will bring up sediment from beneath the ocean floor. It is lowered over the side of the oceanographers' experimental ship.

Herding Cattle in the Klondike

Canadian cowhands proved themselves among the world's best in historic beef drives to the far north in gold rush days

by Grant MacEwan

AMERICANS have made books, poems, songs, and films about the big cattle drives from Texas northward, as indeed they should, but some of the mightiest drives in all time originated on Canadian soil and Canadians seem satisfied to forget about them. Among these are the mighty Harper drive from the interior of British Columbia to California in 1876, and Joe Greaves' drive of 1880 from the Thompson Valley to Cheyenne in Wyoming with "no losses except those from purely natural causes." But with the gold rush to the Klondike, deep in the uninhabited North there was a new challenge to cattlemen and a new chapter was written about cattle drives. The chief hero was Pat Burns, early western ranch owner and pioneer meat packer.

Pat Burns missed the opportunity of a formal education, but after filing on a homestead near Minnedosa in 1878, he made an arrangement with a homestead neighbor to write his letters, love letters and all, and provide some lessons in writing and arithmetic. The tuition was not wasted; with the aid of a worndown stub of a pencil and the backs of some old envelopes, Burns figured his way into great wealth and became one of the "Big Four" cattlemen of the West. Burns's initiative and tenacity were never more dramatically displayed than in the Klondike episode.

It all began with the discovery of the precious metal along Bonanza and Eldorado creeks and other streams running into the Klondike River in the Yukon in the summer of 1896. When reports reached the outside world there was a mad rush. Men and a few women from all walks of life and all parts of the world flocked into the North. A small number got through in 1897, but the big rush began in the next spring, before the ice was out of the northern rivers. Before the expiration of 1898, 40,000 people had flocked to the new field.

A FEW of the would-be miners took passage to the mouth of the Yukon River in Alaska, and travelled upstream by riverboat. Some attempted to penetrate by way of the Stikine River, and some went overland from Edmonton, but the majority followed the "trail of '98" and travelled inland from wild, lawless Skagway, where Soapy Smith, the notorious gangster, gambler, hotel operator, and desperado of the North, ruled and prospered. One story about Soapy that cattlemen brought back concerned a young minister filled with zeal for a new church in that otherwise godless metropolis, Skagway. He needed $2,000; he raised $750 by subscriptions, and decided to try Soapy Smith. Sure! Smith would help. He produced his roll and peeled off $1,250. The minister had his $2,000, but not for long. Next morning he had exactly nothing. He had been robbed during the night and Smith had his money back with interest. In the summer of the big rush, a posse of citizens was organized under Frank Reid to deal with Soapy, and both Reid and Soapy lost their lives in an exchange of bullets.

Skagway was the principal gateway to the Yukon gold fields; Dawson City was the goal. The problem of transportation over an unexplored, unpopulated, and mountainous country, with a short, almost Arctic summer, was exceedingly great. Hardships and suffering on the trail were tremendous; snowslides, mountain chasms, and foaming river rapids accounted for many lives, but that is another story. Dawson, like Skagway, mushroomed into prominence and boasted 500 houses, mostly log cabins, less than six months after the first one was erected. It was well supplied with dance halls, hotels, and saloons. Fortunes changed hands overnight. Gold dust at $16 an ounce was a common medium of currency. It seemed at times that the miners were outnumbered by those who came to "mine the miners."

Gold production from the Klondike area amounted to $10 million in 1898 and $22 million in 1900. But living conditions bordered on famine. The supply of wild meat was inadequate. Except for very limited supplies, food of all kinds had to be brought in from the coast. At first, fresh foods were rarely seen and scurvy occurred from time to time. Food prices, especially winter prices, soared to heights unprecedented elsewhere on the North American continent. Fresh meat went to $2 a pound and it was far removed from "Red Brand." Flour was a dollar a pound. A few cows were delivered successfully at the settlement and after they had consumed hay valued at $200 a ton, they had the supreme bovine satisfaction of seeing their butter selling at $4 a pound. Milk sold as high as $2 a quart in the winter of 1898-1899 but fell to a mere dollar a quart in the next summer.

Alexander Anderson, who went in with cattle for Pat Burns in 1898 and remained for the winter, told of allowing himself a special treat on Christmas Day by buying three potatoes at $1 each. Apples and eggs were the same price as potatoes. A restaurant meal would cost anywhere from $3 up and there was no ceiling.

Pat Burns could not overlook the acute shortage of food, meat in particular, in the Klondike gold field. He knew something about mines and miners; he knew that with mines there were hard-working and hungry men and a good market for meat. The problem was one of delivery. It was infinitely more difficult than simply slaughtering cattle in the Calgary plant and distributing the beef among the near-by towns and mining villages along the Crow's Nest Pass line.

But how could Saskatchewan and Alberta beef be delivered in the Klondike without heavy or complete loss? It was clear that to ship so perishable a product as dressed beef from Calgary or Vancouver would be costly and uncertain. There was one alternative, to deliver live cattle at Dawson City or at some point on the Yukon River. This might be done in one of two ways; by driving the herds overland from Edmonton, or by driving across the mountains from Skagway and then floating the cattle or their carcasses down the Lewes and Yukon Rivers, following the route of the majority of the miners. To experienced cattlemen the overland journey from Edmonton seemed hopeless. A few people attempted it with cattle and horses without success.

Burns weighed all the evidence and concluded that the only practical plan entailed driving from Skagway or some near-by point on the coast. This plan called for cattle of an appropriate type, resourceful attendants, and good direction. The cattle would have to be hardy, mature, hardened walkers, and capable of travelling difficult trails.

From the Alaskan coast several routes led over the mountains, all forbidding and hazardous. The Dyea or Chilkoot Pass route was the most direct and the most dangerous. It was taken by the majority of the miners. The Chilkoot and White Pass routes offered the best use of rivers and lakes, while the Dalton trail, known too, as the Chilkat route, was somewhat more westerly and joined the river at a point below White Horse Rapids.

Chilkoot meant 35 difficult miles between the head of Dyea Inlet on the coast and Lake Bennett. For the first eight or ten miles from tidewater to the foot of the canyon, near Sheep Camp, the journey was easy and pack horses or cattle moved briskly along. But from that point forward the trail was narrow and treacherous; it rose abruptly and was punctuated by canyons, ice, mountain streams, threatening boulders, and snow slides. An avalanche of major proportions came down upon the trail and took 65 lives in the year of the stampede.

Hundreds of horses went to their death on this gruelling trail. One traveller estimated 3,000 dead horses on the Chilkoot trail late in the summer of 1897. Pack animals were in keen demand and many cattle that were sent north for slaughter were requisitioned to carry supplies. One party that undertook to drive sheep over the winter trail went to the length of placing packs on their frail backs.

THE DESCENT from the summit to Lake Lindeman and Lake Bennett could be made with more speed but no more safety. Lake Bennett was recognized head of navigation. At that picturesque northern lake, floating craft of all varieties, canoes, rowboats, sailing vessels, and rafts, were under construction. A small sawmill had been erected a year before and rough lumber for boats was selling at $100 per thousand feet.

Lake Bennett was the beginning of a series of narrow lakes connected by short streams. After Bennett were Lakes Nares, Tagish, and Marsh, all part of the chain. Seventy miles from the head of Lake Bennett, vessels passed from Lake Marsh into the river. Another twenty-five miles and navigators found themselves facing Miles Canyon and the terrifying death-hole, White Horse Rapids. In

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

THIS IS *an abridgement from the book "Between the Red and the Rockies" by Grant MacEwan, University of Toronto Press, $3.50.*

News Coverage Needs News Comment

Few Canadian daily newspapers "slant" the news but interpretation is one of their weak spots

by Gwyn Kinsey

AFTER every election in the United States there are two phases to the postmortem surgery performed on the results. First, the political pundits, not too careful of the swabs they may leave inside, sew up their predictive wounds with a broad stitching of explanation; and then the intellectual types approach the patient with a statistical scalpel for more probing. The result of this probing is always the same: the operation has been a success or a failure in spite of—or because of—the American press.

The last two or three weeks have produced the conclusions drawn from the most recent U.S. election. After wading through a choking number of newspapers, one researcher has found that Eisenhower received ten times more newspaper publicity than Stevenson. Another reported that newspaper headlines were, in many cases, "slanted" to favor Eisenhower. Therefore, Eisenhower won the election. When Roosevelt and Truman won their various elections, of course, it was in spite of such dastardly journalistic devices.

In Canada we go through only the initial phase of the postmortems, possibly because the less ebullient Canadian has an ingrown suspicion of statistics. More likely it is because Canadian newspapers, with a few crude exceptions, confine their editorializing to their editorial pages.

Because statistics are lacking, one can speak only in generalities when discussing the slanting of news and the effect on public opinion of editorial comment in Canadian newspapers, even though most generalities may be bubbles of supposition blown on the clay pipes of prejudice. However, excepting a few horrible examples in the larger cities, Canadian newspapers must be considered fair in their coverage if it is kept in mind that they are edited for the instruction and entertainment of the readers in their own trading area. What their cumulative effect may be on public opinion is another matter.

There are about 100 daily newspapers in Canada, but less than a dozen cities have two or more independent newspapers, a fact which has been cited time and again to support the proposition that monopoly control of the press keeps Canadian public opinion becalmed in a sunless region bounded by lassitude and platitude. Those who hold this opinion forget that the speed of modern transportation has so altered time and space factors that, especially in more heavily populated regions, a constant and bitter struggle goes on each day for the reader's nickel or home delivery. Sometimes this struggle is concentrated in the fringe areas of circulation, but very often a small city newspaper must fight for its very existence against the encroachments of a multi-edition neighbor.

THIS competition works against editorial complacency. It destroys the power of a publisher to force his own brand of editorial pap down the unwilling gullets of his readers, who can spit it up and try something more to their own taste. It has another result, and this is the main clue to the effect of newspaper editorials on public opinion in this country: people buy newspapers primarily to learn what is going on in their own community and their own district. Editors, especially of the smaller newspapers, would like to believe that their readers wait anxiously for the latest dispatches on the involved—and important—goings-on at the United Nations or the weighty debates in the House of Commons at Ottawa, but they know that while these reports are read carefully by some, many more will skim the "important" news to fasten on events and places much closer to home. A two-hour speech by Vishinsky may mean a shift in world tensions, but it will run a very poor second in readership to a scrap between a mayor and an alderman.

This factor in readership also applies to the editorial page. Repeated tests, in cities large and small, have shown readers are more interested in comment on community affairs than on any other subject. How well that comment is handled determines largely the paper's influence on community opinion.

It can be argued that the newspapers themselves are to blame for their readers' likes and dislikes, because they generally manage to provide lively copy on local affairs while their press-agency reports from more distant points are factual but dull—a dullness which results from the effort to be nothing more than factual. There is a grain of truth in this argument, but the economic facts of publishing life prevent most Canadian dailies from sending men to Ottawa, the United Nations, Korea, Germany and elsewhere to provide supplementary and more personalized coverage of the "big" stories.

It is in the matter of editorial comment that the daily newspapers are most vulnerable to criticism. There is a very wide gap between the handful of papers with distinguished editorial pages and the somewhat larger group with particularly bad editorial pages. In between is the majority. Here the editorials all too often are done either by men whose main interest is the production of news and who regard the comment as a routine chore, or by men who have been retired to the editorial pages after long and faithful service on news desks or beats.

In many small-city papers, the editorials are hacked out by editors who have spent a harassed day talking politely to delegations from the WCTU and the Society for the Suppression of Sin and not so politely to assorted characters who think their names should be kept out of the paper, handling minor production crises every hour on the hour, and managing to get a maximum effort out of a limited and often partially trained staff. At that stage, the editor approaches a weighty "think" piece with all the happy anticipation of a man facing two fillings and an extraction; but the ghosts of his distinguished predecessors gibber around his desk and a ponderous chunk of prose must be his burnt offering to them. This offering all too often turns out to be nothing better than a tepid stew of warmed-over clichés.

THE RESULT is self-evident. The tired words hobble along, creak over the hurdles of paragraphs and drop exhausted at the final "thirty."

That same editor, however, seizing on a familiar community subject, seems to find new energy and freshness of expression. Now he is writing for the people he knows; he is discussing mutual problems. The result may not be polished, but it will be readable—and it will be read.

During the last two or three years there has been a definite and encouraging trend toward better editorial pages. More of the formerly undistinguished are edging toward the distinguished and there are fewer bad ones, a development which may indicate a greater desire by publishers and editors to strengthen a weak department or a growing awareness by readers of problems outside their immediate vicinity. Probably it is a combination of the two factors.

EDITORIAL insight and responsibility can come through training at beginning of a journalists's career. —London Free Press

—Capitol Press

TLC'S BENGOUGH

—Capitol Press

CCL'S MOSHER

—Wide World

AFL'S MEANY

—Miller

CIO'S REUTHER

CIO, AFL HELMSMEN

Labor's Politics: A New Approach?

by Wilfred List

Labor Writer, The Globe and Mail

SIXTEEN YEARS AGO a group of fourteen glum-faced princes of the labor movement in the United States met in a Washington hotel. They were to reach a decision that created the great schism in the American labor movement. On that sweltering day in August, 1936, the leaders of the American Federation of Labor applied the knife to a group of its member unions.

The decision of the old-line, conservative craft-union leaders meant the birth of a new trade union colossus on the American scene—The Congress of Industrial Organizations. The gathering in the Washington hotel room represented a trial at which the AFL leaders, acting as prosecutor, judge and jury, suspended eight AFL unions from membership on charges of insurrection against the federation.

The crime of the suspended unions was that they had banded together into a Committee for Industrial Organization and were organizing workers in the mass-production industries on a plant-wide basis instead of by crafts. The entrenched craft unions saw in this form of organization a threat to their own jurisdictions.

Absent from the trial were the culprits, headed by John L. Lewis, Chairman of the CIO. The scene of the trial, as it was euphemistically described, was detailed by a writer of the day. At the head of the table was oyster-faced William Green, former coal miner, who had been hoisted to the AFL presidency by the same John L. Lewis who was being cast out of the AFL with his colleagues in rebellion.

Around Mr. Green were twelve of the AFL's fifteen vice presidents: Matthew Woll of the Photo Engravers, with pince-nez in his hand, clothed and coiffed somewhat like a nineteenth-century continental barrister; the belligerent G. M. Bugniazet, whose Brotherhood of Electrical Workers was the terror of scabs in the building industry; Teamster Dan Tobin with deep-sunken eyes behind powerful spectacles, head of the Labor Division of the National Democratic Committee; big broad-chested arch-conservative William L. Hutcheson of the carpenters, head of the Labor Division of the Republican National Committee. Here was the man whom John L. Lewis had knocked down at the AFL's Atlantic City convention a year earlier, because he had called Mr. Lewis a bad name.

THERE WERE others gathered there, too, but only one voice was raised against the decision to expel the rebellious unions—that of short, chubby David Dubinsky, the shrewd and aggressive leader of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. The blow against the dissenting unions fell before the day was out.

The fateful decision on that day in August had a parallel in Canada three years later. Under pressure from the AFL international unions, the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada expelled the industrial unions from its midst on the grounds that they were dual to established AFL unions.

In the years that followed there were intermittent efforts to turn the clock back, to reunite the AFL and CIO into one powerful labor organization. But the same men who had cast the CIO unions adrift in 1936 were still at the helm of the AFL. Invitations to the rapidly expanding CIO were always in condescending terms: The CIO unions must admit their error and return to the House of Labor like a prodigal son on the AFL's terms—a situation the proud and now numerically powerful CIO would never accept.

In Canada, The Trades and Labor Congress of Canada has taken a similar attitude. President Percy Bengough emphasized there could be no effective co-operation with A. R. Mosher's Canadian Congress of Labor short of organic unity and that could only follow a reunion between the AFL and CIO.

THERE the matter has rested until today when time and death have intervened. The death within weeks of each other of William Green and Philip Murray, former CIO president, closes the doors on an era in the labor history of the United States. The coincidence of the two deaths has opened the door to new efforts at unity between the two major labor groups in the United States and between the two congresses in Canada.

The last decade of the old era has narrowed the ideological differences between the AFL and CIO. Industrial unionism has been accepted as the most effective form for organizing the mass-production industries and is no longer a point of difference between the AFL and CIO.

Within the AFL councils new, liberal and progressive views are gradually supplanting the conservative outlook that saw labor's role exclusively as a bread-and-butter function. In dynamic Walter P. Reuther, 45-year-old head of the United Auto Workers, who succeeded Philip Murray to the CIO presidency, and in genial George Meany, who was elevated to the top of the AFL, the American labor movement has two men with the vision and energy to bring about organic unity of American labor.

Meany's predecessor, William Green, was sincere but colorless and lacking in the characteristics of vigorous leadership. Meany, at 58, has 13 years of executive experience behind him as secretary-treasurer of the AFL. He is forward looking and aggressive and sees the function of trade unions as more than a concern with wages and hours.

On the other side of the labor fence, Murray, who outshone Green as a labor leader, was more cautious and more conventional than Reuther.

IT IS perhaps symbolic of the new era in labor leadership that the succession of both Meany and Reuther to the top jobs ends an era in which the men who guided the destiny of the AFL and the CIO came from the ranks of the coal miners.

Meany's declaration on taking office indicates that unity can be accomplished. He discarded the "come back to the house of labor" approach of Green. Instead, he pledged that the federation would approach the CIO on a basis of equality in hope that the two organizations can get together on terms satisfactory to both.

The two heads of organized labor

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

THE WORLD TODAY

The Improbable Beginnings of Arthur Koestler

by Willson Woodside

HAD ANYONE predicted of the Koestler vagabonding in Jerusalem at 20, or even of the Koestler lording it in the great Ullstein press of Berlin on $10,000 a year at age 25, that he would be one of the most influential writers in the world before he was 40, no one would have laughed louder than the precocious Arthur himself. For as he laments through half of this first volume of his autobiography ("Arrow in the Blue", Macmillans, $5.95), all through this period he looked like a schoolboy, and was often treated as one.

"I was a precocious child, far in advance of my age. But as an adolescent, and even during my twenties, I was less mature than others of my years, and not only looked younger but was also markedly childish, both mentally and emotionally . . . I acquired cleverness rapidly, but wisdom very slowly. At ten I was an infant prodigy; at twenty-five still an adolescent." Much of the book is given to analyzing why this was so.

Both at the beginning and at the end he concedes that this is an exceedingly self-conscious book; but that hasn't made him revise it. There can be no doubt but Koestler finds himself his most interesting topic; and equally little doubt that his story becomes more interesting when he occasionally gives up analyzing himself and describes his life and adventures, and what he saw around him, in Vienna, in the Holy Land, in Paris and in Berlin.

What an extraordinary background Koestler emerged from! His grandfather had fled from Russia to Hungary during the Crimean War, known simply as Leopold "X", and adopting the name Koestler. The family never did learn anything of his past or his relations. At first he succeeded in business, then lost everything; moving to Budapest, his children were raised under very hard circumstances.

Koestler's father was something of a preview of the son. Going to work at 14 as an errand boy, he rose every morning at four to study simultaneously English, French and German—"the first of those wildly optimistic and extravagant enterprises which were to succeed each other as long as he lived." Within ten years he had risen to be general manager and a partner in the firm; at 29 he was in business for himself. Going in for one "stupendous" (his mildest adjective) "grandiose", "fabulous" and "colossal" venture after another, he too ended up in bankruptcy and boarding houses. No wonder young Arthur's formative years were "like a breathless journey on a scenic railway."

HIS MOTHER, coming from an old Jewish family in Prague and regarding the Hungarians as barbarians, had called him "Arthur" because it was untranslatable in Magyar. "Her contempt for the Hungarians made her life a kind of exile, without friends or social contacts; in consequence I grew up without playmates. I was an only child and a lonely child; precocious, neurotic, admired for my brains and detested for my character by teachers and schoolfellows alike."

After telling of his childhood, the author plunges heavily into self-analysis, until we find him on page 54 and at age 13 seeking the secrets of eternity in Shakespeare and pursuing the absolute in science. "It was the same quest and the same all-or-nothing mentality which drove me to the Promised Land and into the Communist Party." In this epoch, in which a series of shattering catastrophes have brought the Age of Reason and Progress to a close, he believes that many enter the Communist Party to escape from confusion into rigid certainty.

ADOLESCENCE, he says, "is a kind of emotional sea-sickness. Both are funny, but only in retrospect." He developed a monumental inferiority complex, of which we hear a great deal. He continued his belated growth until he was 22, at which age he reached his full height of five foot seven. At this age, as correspondent of a distinguished German newspaper, he arrived to interview King Feisal of Iraq and was asked by the chamberlain: "When may we expect your papa?" His reaction was to develop a complete false personality with which to meet the world.

Up until September 1922, when he entered the Vienna Polytechnic at 17, he had had only a very brief experience of Communism during the Bela Kun regime in Hungary in 1919, when the word "had a good, just and hopeful sound"; and neither he nor his family had ever heard of Zionism. Casual enrolment in a Zionist fraternity at the university involved him deeply in the struggle for a Jewish state. According to his character, he soon had joined the small Revisionist faction of Jabotinsky, which later spawned the Irgun and the Stern Gang, but which in those days was urging that a new state of Israel should become a British dominion.

It was only during his university days that he came much in contact with orthodox Jews. "The more I found out about Judaism the more distressed I became, and the more fervently Zionist." He disliked Yiddish vehemently, and has never lost his aversion to it. The literature which came from the ghettos of Eastern Europe repelled him; he found in it "a mixture of servility and spiritual arrogance, of cunning and sentimentality, of mysticism and cupidity, which gave me a feeling of claustrophobia, of wanting to break a window and let the fresh air in."

UP TO his neck in Zionism, and also the beginnings of sex life, young Koestler did a horrifying thing. Within a half-year of graduation as an engineer, he burned the passbook containing all of his study credits, burned up, that is, the final investment of his now penniless parents, and set out for Palestine.

Terrible blow though this was to the Koestler family, it is something of a relief for the reader, providing a highly interesting descriptive interlude. He joins, and is soon rejected by, one of the pioneer communal farm settlements, the description of which will be recognized by readers of "Thieves in the Night". He becomes a vagabond, half-starving on dates, olives and unleavened Arab bread for months at a time, sleeping in odd corners, launching a Zionist news serv-

PEKING has now spurned Resolution on Korea pressed by Indian delegates Krishna Menon and Mme. Pandit (left) and attacked furiously by Soviet bloc speakers. —International photos

—International

OLD-FASHIONED DIPLOMACY: Eden keeps up the amenities by listening to what is probably one of Vishinsky's old Russian proverbs. The British Foreign Secretary is a firm believer in the policy of seeking a détente with the Soviets, and finding a basis of living on terms of tolerance and respect for each other.

Most Frightfully Jolly

WHAT A CHRISTMAS this year's promises to be! Already we are assured that the butter ration is to go up—from two ounces a week to three. *Think of that!* Cheese also, from one ounce to 1½, but not until the end of January. It is true that as butter goes up margarine comes down, from five ounces to four. But one cannot have everything. This is no time for guzzling. Besides, who really cares for margarine?

In the meantime, tea and boiled gammon—ham to you—have both been derationed. One can buy just as much as one cares to, or can find the cash or credit for. Most frightfully jolly, what? And then eggs are to be de-rationed next spring. This probably means that the general public will get more eggs—ordinary people, that is, as distinguished from the more fortunate ones with "friends" in the country.

The egg-market has been an almost classical instance of the way food-rationing works. In theory nothing could be fairer — equal shares for all and at a reasonable price. To keep it reasonable the egg-subsidy contribute annually over £20,000,000. In spite of this, anything from one-third to one-half of the eggs produced in this country found their way to the black market. Your ration-books might entitle you to eggs, but what good was that if the eggs were not there to buy? And they weren't—not unless you had a "friend" in the business somewhere. And these "friends" charged fancy prices.—*P.O'D.*

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ice which found only two subscribers the world over.

But he had sent a travelogue to the great Vienna paper, *Neue Freie Presse*, which published it, as he later found out to his mortification, through the intervention of his mother. On the strength of this he sold several articles to the Budapest *Pester Lloyd*. Suddenly, at 22, he was launched on his career as a journalist when he secured "by shameless bluffing" the post of Middle East correspondent of the famous House of Ullstein in Berlin and the *Neue Freie Presse*.

Now he was "on the road to respectability." But the four following years, in which he "made good", seem to him in retrospect dreary and sterile, while the meagre years before which seemed at the time to be carrying him nowhere, now appear rich with the fullness of experience.

HIS new period of success brings us an interesting discussion of continental journalism, in which a correspondent was expected to be more of a *litterateur* than a reporter, to have an individual style like a creative writer, and to relate everything to his own *Weltanschauung*.

There is an even more interesting discussion of the Jerusalem of that day. At No. 29 Street of the Prophets, only five minutes' walk from the Via Dolorosa and another five from the Mosque of Omar, he "never lived at such close quarters with divinity, and never farther removed from it." Jerusalem was "an austere, pharisaic town, full of hatred, distrust and phoney relics." Contemplating its "whole unholy history, from David to Herod, from Pilate to the Crusaders, from Titus to Glubb and Bernadotte", he finds it an illustration of the destructive power of faith and the failure of man's attempts to come to terms with God.

He grew tired of Palestine. Zionism had come to a standstill in 1929, and the small Jewish community in Palestine was cutting itself off from both Western civilization and its own cultural past by adopting the petrified Hebrew language. He could give up European citizenship—having taken out a Palestine passport—but not European culture. He set out for Berlin, and after the usual dalliance with a travelling companion, confronted his employers with a *fait accompli*; within a matter of moments he had secured a transfer to Paris.

The most wonderful jolt of his life was this change "from the Holy City to Sodom on the Seine." After three years of cultural exile and starvation of the senses his first contact with Paris had the intensity of a chemical reaction. He describes vividly his work and his boss, who rigidly forbade his staff from seeking first-hand stories out of the office and did his entire reportage from the Paris newspapers and from tips brought in. But I venture that most readers will longer remember his incursion into the world of after-midnight, of street-walkers, both *sérieuse* and non *sérieuse*, of the pimps who dominated many of them, and of the famous "Houses of Tolerance" which have been closed since the war—as many of the reformers now admit, mistakenly.

His star in the ascendant, he became a protégé of Dr. Franz Ullstein, was moved to the head office in Berlin as science editor of all the Ullstein publications, and foreign editor of the *B.Z. am Mittag* as well. At 25, he was making about as much as a German journalist could, the equivalent of perhaps $10,000 a year, "sat behind an important desk, had a secretary, two telephones, several mistresses and was called *Herr Redaktör*."

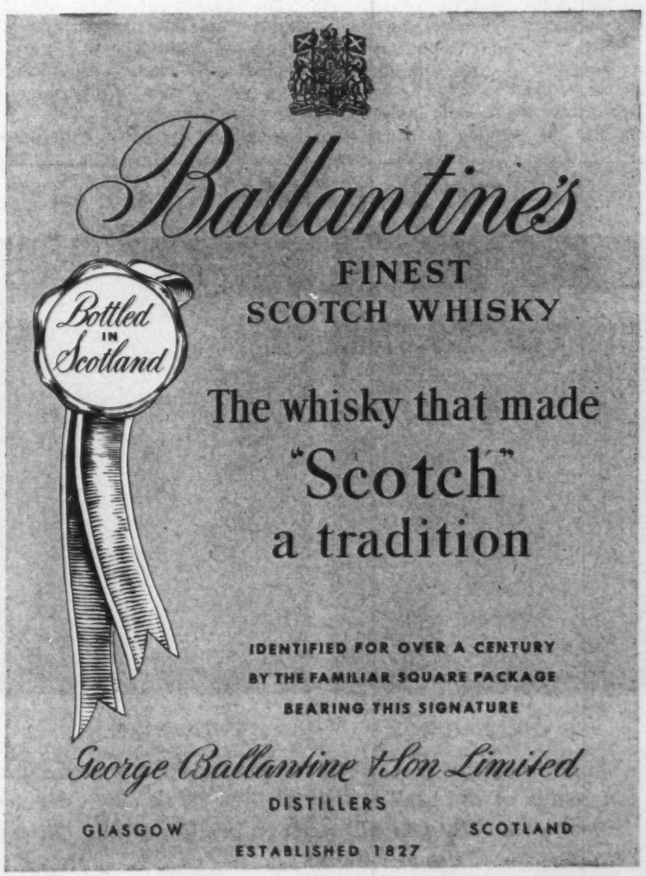
BUT he felt a fraud; emotionally he was still nearly as unbalanced, naive, and unsure of himself as at sixteen. He could only be himself with the women he loved, and all of these experiences were transitory. As for his friendships with men, they were with a few exceptions as intense and short-lived as his love affairs.

Either he became intellectually infatuated with them, or went in for excessive wining and dining with them. In either case familiarity with the other person's responses quickly deflated the friendship. The truth seems to be that this walking analyst is almost incapable of love. His world has been one of ideas and sensuality.

He comes finally to the question which seemed the most important when one took up the book, but which has been barely mentioned up to now; how he became a Communist. The day he took up his post in Berlin the Nazis won their first big election. From that time you could hear the time-bomb ticking.

A transformation came over Ullstein's. Without ever being instructed, once liberal editors wrote more and more nationalistically. Jewish personnel were let out steadily—though the firm was Jewish-owned—and replaced by Aryans. The German liberals "betrayed their convictions and threw their principles overboard." Of the Socialists he felt that "their record for the preceding quarter-century was one of unprincipled opportunism and spineless compromise." Anti-Communist though he has become, he repeats today without any apparent modification the things the Communists used to say in those days of the German liberals and socialists. Is he perhaps excusing his own conduct in this, and in his insistence that Communism presented the only alternative to Nazism?

He left for Moscow in July 1932—but not before writing a chapter on "The Psychology of Conversion." For his experiences there and his disillusion which produced that classic of anti-Communism, "Darkness at Noon", we will have to await Volume II.



Canada in the Moscow Press

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

canned products especially made for dogs out of horseflesh and meat waste." Hard put to it to supply more of such examples, Moscow newspapers fall back on depositions by returned Russians and Ukrainians on how tough it was for them in Canada. Articles of this type do not specify that the period was that of the Depression of the 'thirties.

A new book *Five Years Beyond the Ocean* by Boris Zavadsky, telling of the tortures of unemployment and starvation allegedly suffered by its author in Canada, was reviewed in August by *Komsomolskaya Pravda*. When Zavadsky did find a rare Canadian job, he was sweated by his bosses ruthlessly: in Montreal this "heavy, unbearable labor" consisted of "washing forty automobiles a day," which pace "had to be increased at least threefold to win the boss' favor." And still poor Zavadsky was fired.

So was another returning "witness" —a certain Comrade Dankanich of Carpatho-Ruthenia (formerly the tip of Czechoslovakia). He appears to have been fired by heartless Canadian employers far more frequently (if possible) than he was hired, or such is the ugly impression the reader gets from his story in *Pravda*. "I lived in Canada for 22 years, half of which time I trudged around with no job. For five years I worked for a piece of bread alone. All my life in that American 'paradise' was nothing but poverty, hunger and suffering."

The purpose of all such stories in the Soviet press is quite obvious: Stalin's subjects who have relatives and friends in Canada shouldn't envy them, shouldn't long to join them.

Another method toward the same end is to quote the fulsome praise of Soviet life by visiting Canadians. Among such helpful delegations in recent times (1951-52) there have been: one purported to represent "the youth of Canada," another "a delegation of Canadian youth of Slavic origin," yet another "a Canadian workers' delegation."

On July 17, 1952, *Trud* (which is the official daily of Soviet trade-unions) devoted a sizable portion of its four-page issue to an exulting review of the 25-cent edition of *We Were There, Report of the Ten Canadian Trade Unionists Who Visited the Soviet Union in 1951; a Photo-Story of Soviet Life Today*. Even the cover of this Canadian brochure was lovingly reproduced in *Trud*. Last October 23 *Trud* gave similarly enthusiastic treatment to *We Saw Socialism, a Personal Report*, by those perennial admirers of the USSR, Dyson and Charlotte Carter, which was published in Toronto in 1951.

In all such Soviet articles, reviews and interviews the Carters and their kind are quoted as being beside themselves with joy and adulation before the progress, justice and all-around beauty they saw in Russia—while bemoaning the terrible, oh so terrible lot of working people in Canada. The most succinct and pointed comment on all this came from an anti-Soviet columnist in *Novoye Russkoye Slovo*, the New York daily of Russian refugees, for July 28:

"It is surprising that not a single one of those Canadian delegates expressed a desire to remain in the Soviet Union."

The answer of those Canadian rooters for the Soviet "paradise" would, of course, be that they are needed in Canada to rescue her from her present capitalistic sloth and imperialistic path.

Indeed, in the Moscow press there is plentiful evidence of a very lively interest taken by the Kremlin in the homework of its Canadian friends and followers. Typical is an article in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* of August 10, 1952, cheering what it terms as increasing desertion and defection of young Canadians from the country's armed forces. Much space and applause is given by *Pravda* of August 18 to Dr. James Endicott and his energetic echoing of the Soviet charges of germ warfare.

Early last March the entire Soviet press published dispatches by its correspondents in Toronto on the celebrations marking the 30th anniversary of the Labor Progressive (Communist) Party of Canada. Comrade Tim Buck and its other leaders were quoted and lauded at length.

A month earlier a similar boost was given by the Soviet Russian press to the Toronto conference of the Society for Canadian-Soviet Friendship. The work of Dr. Endicott's "Peace Petition" campaigners, with proud statistics of signatures they collected in various Canadian cities and towns, was cheered in Soviet journals for months and months. Last but not least, the labors of pro-Communist groups of Slavs in Canada never leave the columns of *Slaviane*, a special Moscow monthly devoted to the Slavic nations in Europe and Slav emigrants (of the pro-Red variety) the world over.

All such stories are illustrated with photos, pen-and-ink portraits, and biographical sketches of these "progressive" Canadians helping the Kremlin. In the eyes of the Soviets, such men and women are Canada's only redeeming feature, amid the "horrors" of "bourgeois, capitalistic, imperialistic" existence "foisted" on the Canadian people by their rulers—who in turn have "sold out" to the even more "bourgeois, capitalistic and imperialistic" Yanks.

ROYAL BANK APPOINTMENTS

E. C. HOLAHAN

J. W. GANANN

W. H. SHARPE

—Photos by Underhill Studio, N.Y.

The Royal Bank of Canada announces the appointment of Joseph W. Ganann as Agent, in charge of the bank's office in New York City. He succeeds E. C. Holahan, the bank's Agent since 1949, who will retire on pension shortly. Promotion of W. H. Sharpe to succeed Mr. Ganann is also announced.

Ottawa Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

parliamentary duel which occurred were not equally matched. M. J. Coldwell is now a very experienced parliamentarian, who can marshal his arguments in orderly sequence and make a very convincing presentation of a case. So it seemed to most observers that he was able to prove conclusively that anti-Semitism of a very offensive kind—chiefly purveyed through subtle innuendoes, and nonsensical fulminations about the awful perils for the future of mankind, which international organizations like the UNO and the International Monetary Fund threatened—were staple ingredients of the propaganda of the Social Credit party.

The reply of Mr. Low, who is too often prone to betray a deplorable ignorance of political and economic realities, was mainly a tissue of evasive quibbles. It did not constitute a convincing defence to Coldwell's charges. Politicians who constantly parade a claim of superior morality for their party are always tiresome, and all the other parties are irritated by the persistent disposition of Solon Low and his associates to claim for the policies of their party a monopoly of the principles of Christian idealism.

But the oratorical duel has had the effect of intensifying the embitterment of the relations of the two minor parties. As long as their feud continues, the supporters of the existing social and economic order can sleep easy in their beds, confident that a formidable leftist movement in Canada is still a distant prospect.

In the debate the Progressive-Conservatives have continued their arraignment of the Government for a variety of sins of omission and commission such as over taxation, excessive stockpiling under the program of rearmament, and general extravagance in administration. The stock defence offered by Liberal spokesmen has been that if there have been some minor errors in policy or administration, they are as dust in the balance beside the wonderful record of the government as the architect of unprecedented prosperity for the country.

The Opposition have also been prodding away without much success at their charges that the compulsory retirement of Brigadier Connelly from the Army and the demotion of Mr. Pitt, the Manager of the Fort Garry Hotel at Winnipeg, were reprehensible samples of the autocratic spirit. This spirit invariably develops in a ministry too long entrenched in power; it makes it disposed to punish unfairly any unfortunate individuals who get it into trouble or do not bow to its will.

PORTS OF CALL

"Everybody Can Have Some"

by Beverly Grizzard

FLORIDA is preparing for a gala winter season. Hospitality will set a new high in standards for resort accommodations in this land of sun and orange blossoms.

Vacationers will find an unbelievable variety of attractions for enjoyment. In scenery Florida can offer some of the most beautiful sub-tropical regions in the world—glistening beaches, palms, gay exotic flowers, and this always in a land of bright skies and sparkling waters.

From the beaches of either coast it is but a few minutes' drive to the great stretches of state parks, where nature offers primitive scenes. More than 30,000 named lakes, and hundreds of streams provide good fishing. And the investigating traveler will find hundreds of commercial attractions for his selection.

Sports fans will find the season tightly packed with major events: regattas, racing, rodeos, top-ranking golf and tennis tournaments, swimming meets, and major league baseball games. Florida's pageants and festivals are world famous, and run through the calendar—covering all sections of the State. Attendance at such festivities is not expensive, and many of them are free.

U.S. Highway 1, running from Maine to Key West, edges Florida's fabulous East Coast. From the Florida-Georgia line to the southernmost city there are endless interesting stops: old Fernandina, site of some of Florida's most colorful history; Jacksonville, modern port city; ancient St. Augustine, with its old Spanish fort and quaint houses, ostrich and alligator farms, and museums; Marineland, home of the famous trained porpoises; Daytona Beach, where auto races are run on the broad smooth sands; many lovely tropical gardens; beautiful beach resorts; and, that vacationer's dream, the Miami area, where there is so much to see and do that visitors return year after year without exhausting the possibilities for enjoyment.

ONE OF Florida's outstanding attractions, ranging in cost from practically nothing to the expensive and lavish, is fishing, both salt and fresh water. Bridge fishing has long been a popular sport in the State. Many people prefer to fish with inexpensive cane poles and their luck is sometimes amazing. Deep sea fishing by charter boat requires a greater financial stake, but the expense is not so great when balanced by the thrill that comes when a mighty tarpon or streamlined sailfish strikes. Black bass fishing in Florida's teeming lakes and fresh water streams has long been on record as without comparison. There are also countless pan fish to compete with the hungry bass.

One of the most unusual trips is

ROYAL PALMS AT FORT MYERS

the journey from Miami to Key West over 122 miles of the famed Overseas Highway. This roadway, which is really a series of bridges from key to key, passes over more water than land on its course to Key West. There is excellent fishing along the way, and many places for pleasant stopovers. Food is famous in this section; turtle steaks, conch chowders, and lime pies are outstanding features for the epicure.

The section is steeped in legends of lost Spanish gold, and buried pirate loot. The Spanish Flota, the Great Treasure Fleet of the Conquistadores, had ships wrecked on the ragged reefs of these waters. Millions in gold were reputed to have been lost. Pirates of a later period are believed to have left many an unreclaimed treasure chest on lonely little keys now crossed by the highway.

In the Miami area one of the pleasantest of side excursions is into the Everglades National Park. This great wildlife sanctuary can be reached by following U.S. Highway 1 south to Homestead. From there on well marked trails will take the visitor to the various points where there are nature walks. In winter it is possible to observe much of the wildlife of the park—garfish, alligators, egrets, water turkeys, wood ibis, pelicans, deer, as well as other interesting inhabitants of the region.

—Photos: Florida State News Bureau

DOWNY PELICAN CHILDREN

Visitors will find the jungle-like vegetation fascinating; such trees as the gumbo-limbo, paradise tree, and strangler fig, and such plants as orchids and ferns abound in this tropical area. Audubon Wildlife Tours are conducted from Miami to the park during the winter season, and bus lines include a portion of the park in special tours.

Crossing the State from Miami to the Gulf Coast along the Tamiami Trail, the traveler passes through Everglades country. On either side of the highway is a great sea of saw grass and palmetto. But a few steps back from the roadway will often reward the curious with a view of rare flowers and tropical birds. Fort Myers, once the winter home of Thomas A. Edison, is an attractive stop to enjoy sports fishing. A visit to the Edison Gardens is a pleasant interval. The grounds are filled with unusual tropical plants collected from the far corners of the tropical world by Edison himself.

SARASOTA, winter quarters for the great Ringling Brothers Circus, is also the site of the Ringling home and Museum of Art. These last were willed to the State of Florida by the late John Ringling. In this central Gulf section, facing each other across the bay, are two of Florida's most charming vacation cities, St. Petersburg and Tampa. The latter is also a thriving port city.

Northward from this point stretches miles of wild and impressive country. Here are some of Florida's amazing crystal springs. Developed as commercial attractions, such spots as Weekiwachee, the "Spring of the Mermaids," or Homosassa, "Nature's Fish Bowl," are of special interest.

The visitor will not wish to miss the central section of the peninsula. Here in the rolling hills are miles of lovely citrus groves. From this rich citrus section is harvested Florida's quarter billion dollar cash crop, which furnishes more than 26 per cent of the world's supply of the sunshine-stored fruit. Miles of pasture land support Florida's growing cattle industry, which has produced the strange looking cross-breed of brahmin and European stock. Great tranquillity best describes this rich farming country.

In the beautiful lakes region of Central Florida there are attractions to visit. Bok Tower is at Lake Wales. The 71-bell Carillon presents concerts through the winter season. Within the same area is a new attraction, "The Great Masterpiece," a huge mosaic reproduction of Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting, "The Last Supper." Cypress Gardens, at Winter Haven, puts on breathtaking water ski shows daily.

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THE CONSOLIDATED MINING AND SMELTING COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

Dividend No. 95

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of Forty cents (40c) per share, and an extra distribution of Thirty-five cents (35c) per share, on the paid up Capital Stock of the Company, have this day been declared for the six (months ending 31st December, 1952, payable on the 15th day of January, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 12th day of December, 1952.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.

L. O. REID,
Secretary.

Montreal, P. Q.,
December 3, 1952.

For Quotations
Picard & Fleming
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DUST IS DYNAMITE

When Grain Elevators Blow Up

by T. E. Irons

WAY BACK in 1930 in Port Colborne, Ont., a grain elevator owned and operated by the Canadian Government, exploded. The building was badly damaged and there were some workers killed. Not a great deal of significance was placed on the disaster and it was soon forgotten, at least outside of Port Colborne.

In 1944, the Aberdeen Elevator at Tiffin, Ont., exploded, causing great damage and killing six employees. Almost a thousand miles to the West, at the cities of Port Arthur and Fort William, this second explosion caused little stir, despite the fact that these two cities had the greatest concentration of grain elevators on the continent. Such disasters could not happen here: the Eastern atmospheric conditions were different and the fact that corn was being handled at the time the explosions occurred, was generally accepted as the cause; therefore no undue alarm was in evidence at the Lakehead.

A little more than a year passed, then, on Aug. 7, 1945, the thing that couldn't happen, did happen. Saskatchewan Pool Elevator No. 5 in Port Arthur exploded. The giant building was all but demolished and 23 men lost their lives. When the blast occurred, refuse screenings were being loaded into a lake vessel.

THIS catastrophe created a tremendous stir among elevator men all over the country, and it was unanimously agreed that something must be done to prevent another such disaster. The elevator was rebuilt, hundreds of thousands of dollars spent on the installation of the finest dust-collecting machinery that could be obtained, and the best engineering skill employed in an effort to eliminate the danger. They knew the culprit that had caused the destruction and loss of life. It was *dust*.

For the next seven years it seemed as though they had the problem licked. Then—on Sept. 24 of this year, without warning, disaster struck again. A few minutes after the noon check-off for lunch, Saskatchewan Pool Elevator No. 4-A exploded.

Six men died, one of them a member of the crew of the *SS Bayton* which was reported as being loaded at the time with refuse screenings. The building was extensively damaged by the blast and the *SS Bayton* sustained heavy damage from the tons of concrete that crashed on her deck. That only one man was killed aboard the boat was a miracle. Had the blast occurred just a few minutes earlier, scores of men who had checked out would still have been in the building and the death toll would have been appallingly higher.

T. E. IRONS *has worked 40 years in grain elevators at the Head of the Lakes.*

Experts from all parts will try to ferret out what caused the fatal blast, but whatever it was that set it off, the culprit is the same as in all previous cases—dust. The best of dust collecting machinery and the skillful engineering that went into its installation, had failed. What next could be done?

It will be noted that in both of these Port Arthur elevators, the explosions occurred during the shipping of refuse screenings. These screenings are just about what the name implies — refuse, and by Canadian Government statute, the processing of them is forbidden in Canada.

The main content of this refuse screenings is noxious weeds, dust, chaff, and straw knuckles. The danger of noxious weeds finding their way back to the farm in the processed animal feeds is the main reason for the ban, which has been clamped tightly for many decades.

FORTUNATELY for the elevator companies the United States Government has no such qualms; American processors buy up all the screenings our elevators produce. Our Canadian Government experts are also concerned about the wild mustard seed content in refuse screenings, and worry about the damage that might be done to the stomachs of livestock after eating the processed article. Livestock in the United States has been fed on it for many years without ill effect, otherwise its use would have long since been banned there also. Proper and efficient grinding of noxious weeds destroys any tendency to germinate and if the wild mustard content is too high, this can be reduced by blending with the other components that go into the finished product.

We have men in Canada with the knowledge and skill needed to process these screenings into cattle feed and in the light of what has happened to life and property, it is time for a drastic change in the present set-up.

First, the Government should repeal any and all laws that forbid the processing of refuse screenings in Canada. With the green light giving the go ahead, enough capital would soon be forthcoming to build an up-to-date processing plant at the Lakehead. The cost of the two explosions that have already occurred would build such a factory many times over.

Let us now look at what this would mean. Under present conditions, grain elevators have to store refuse screenings until a vast quantity accumulates, before a vessel docks to load it. These large quantities take many hours to elevate to the shipping bins, and only those who have worked at shipping screenings, can know how much dust they create. The longer it takes for a shipment to be completed, the heavier the dust suspension becomes, until apparently the dust collectors cannot cope with the over-load.

UNDER normal conditions the handling of grain does not produce anything like the dust suspension that refuse screenings do, and the danger point is not even approached. Evidently, during a shipment of screenings, a danger point is reached, (not always, but all too often) and a spark can cause an explosion.

Many things may cause such a spark. Pool 4-A, had magnets that picked up any stray nail or piece of metal that is often found in grain entering an elevator. Unfortunately, stones are sometimes found in the grain and a magnet would not attract these. A stone striking a steel bucket could cause a spark.

Static electricity is also suspected, and the experts may come up with something on this. Grain elevating machinery travels at high speed and a steel bucket may become loosened, they sometimes do, and strike the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

—Fred G. Lovelady, Port Arthur

PORT ARTHUR Elevator after explosion, Sept. 24: "Without warning—disaster."

U.S. BUSINESS

'Fifty-Three Forecast

by R. L. Hoadley

THE NEW YEAR will usher in a more valuable dollar than the U.S. has known in a long time. The American consumer feels that prices are high and he has decided to save instead of buy. That alone makes for a stronger dollar.

The consensus of economists and businessmen on the economic outlook can almost be wrapped up in one brief weather report: good business throughout the forepart of 1953, but storm warnings should be unfurled around midyear.

Now that the presidential election has receded well into the background, it is found that the main effect of the Republican victory has been psychological. The election has had little impact on orders, production or prices.

The new regime in Washington is expected to reduce the risks of both inflation and collapse—a large order. It is evident that an attempt will be made to cut the budget deficit to more manageable proportions. This will be anti-inflationary and should have a moderating effect on the current boom.

The most worrisome problem confronting business is the vast increase in U.S. plant capacity in the last half-dozen years. And while productivity has jumped, the consumer has received little in the way of lower prices.

There has been a rising demand for goods. But many believe plant capacity has been pushed so far that consumption can't keep up much longer at present price levels.

An economic adjustment seems likely somewhere along the line as the armament program tapers off. Some have predicted it will come within a year, others that it will be deferred until as late as 1956.

The U.S. Government deficit for fiscal 1953, estimated at $10.3 billion last August, may reach only $5.5 billion due to the lag in defence spending. The August estimates had been based on Federal spending of $79 billion and income of $68.7 billion. But defence production slumped during the summer and the last word is that these outlays probably will be $5 billion below the August estimate. If these estimates are borne out, the peak of peacetime defence spending may be reached during the first year of the Eisenhower regime.

The new head of the Treasury will not have to concern himself much, if any, with financing the fiscal 1953 Federal deficit. But he probably will worry about the deficit in fiscal 1954. The "momentum" in the budget of the Government is such that spending next year is almost sure to equal or exceed $80 billion compared with receipts of $68.7 billion. Furthermore, the excess-profits tax which will bring in almost $3 billion this year, expires June 30, 1953 and has little chance of being renewed.

On balance the U.S. has been experiencing a sober boom without any semblance of the wild speculation that heralded the end of other, still remembered, stock market orgies. There is lots of steam left in the boiler of the U.S. economy.

—International

EISENHOWER: Effect was psychological.

Grain Elevators

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

steel casing through which it runs and cause a spark. There is also the careless smoker. Let us hope none of the disasters have been caused by him.

With a processing plant at the Head of the Lakes, no such protracted shipping would be necessary. One small bin would be all that was needed, and when enough was accumulated, it could be loaded into a box car and switched to the processing plant. This would mean that at no time would the screenings be in process of transfer for more than half an hour or thereabouts, and no great dust suspension would occur in that time.

To prevent the ordinary work of the day being delayed, the screenings could be loaded at night when no other grain is being handled and the amount of dust is at a minimum. If it should appear that the dust suspension was getting too great for safety, the screenings could be shut off and time given for the dust to clear before resuming the shipment. This shutting-down procedure would not work during the loading of a large amount into a boat because the delays would disrupt the whole day's work.

The scheme as outlined in the foregoing is a drastic departure from present methods but no change would be too drastic if it would put an end to these death-dealing explosions.

As long as we have grain elevators, we will have refuse screenings, and looking back at the havoc wrought by it, some other method of handling it safely is imperative. Elevators can be rebuilt, but lives lost cannot be replaced.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

Dividend Notice

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held today a final dividend of seventy-five cents per share on the Ordinary Capital Stock was declared in respect of the year 1952, payable in Canadian funds on February 27, 1953, to shareholders of record at 3:30 p.m. on December 30, 1952.

By order of the Board.

FREDERICK BRAMLEY,
Secretary.

Montreal, December 8, 1952.

McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL COMPANY LIMITED

"PREFERRED STOCK DIVIDEND NO. 26"

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of $1.00 per share being at the rate of 4 per cent per annum has been declared on the 4% Cumulative Preferred Stock of McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited for the quarter ending December 31st, 1952, payable January 20th, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business on December 31st, 1952.

By Order of the Board.

FRED HUNT, F.C.I.S.,
Secretary.

COCHENOUR WILLANS GOLD MINES, LIMITED

(No Personal Liability)

DIVIDEND NOTICE

INTERIM DIVIDEND No. 24

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an interim dividend of four cents per share in Canadian funds has been declared on the issued capital stock of Cochenour Willans Gold Mines, Limited (No Personal Liability) and will be paid on the 30th day of December 1952 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of December 1952.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.
G. M. HUYCKE,
Secretary.

Toronto, Ont., 8th December 1952.

WESTERN GROCERS LIMITED

NOTICE OF DIVIDENDS

Notice is hereby given that the following dividends have been declared payable January 15th, 1953, to shareholders of record December 15th, 1952;

Thirty-five cents per share on the Preferred Shares $20 par $1.40 Series;

Fifty Cents per share on the Class A Shares;

One Dollar per share on the Common Shares.

Winnipeg, Man. December 1, 1952.

EBEN GOVAN,
Secretary.

THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of $1.25 per share, together with an extra dividend of .25c per share, upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company, has been declared for the current Quarter, and that the same will be payable on

2nd JANUARY, 1953

to shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on 15th December, 1952.

By order of the Board.

CHARLES PETTIT,
Manager.

December 4th, 1952

BUSINESS COMMENT

Prices, Wages & Jobs

by Michael Young

WITH MOST of the predictors looking for a non-seasonal slump in business activity sometime early in 1954, the coming year is likely to see a series of long hard second looks at the business scene being taken by management, by labor and, depending on the reaction of these two, by the predictors themselves. There's a full year of clear sailing ahead during which action can be taken on certain storm warnings that are flying already.

One of them relates to prices, wages and employment: The 1951 Consumers' Price Index (average of 12 months) was 13.9 per cent above that of 1949 while average hourly earnings, in mining, manufacturing, and construction, were 15.9 per cent higher. Average earnings, then, rose at about the same rate as the index.

Comparing the two for a more recent period, however, we get a divergence. The Consumers' Price Index for the first three-quarters of 1952 (average of nine months) was only 2.5 per cent above the 1951 average while average hourly earnings were 9.9 per cent higher. During this period, average hourly earnings rose at about four times the rate of the price index.

While the earnings and price movements during this period seem to support labor's argument that rising wages don't necessarily mean rising prices, the results of a disproportionate rise in earnings, under certain conditions, are of questionable benefit —even to labor. This is in spite of the fact that total labor income for the first nine months of 1952 was 11.5 per cent higher than the figure for the same period of 1951.

There is considerable significance in the fact that, during the period when earnings were rising at a more rapid rate than prices, many more people were collecting unemployment-insurance benefits than when earnings and prices were rising at a more or less equal rate. Specifically, the monthly average of the number of people receiving unemployment-insurance benefits during the first nine months of 1952 was 46 per cent higher than the figure for 1951.

It would be over-simplifying to place the whole blame for the increased unemployment on the disproportionate increase in average hourly earnings. There were other factors: these were associated with defence production changes and Federal fiscal policy.

The rather slow upward movement of the price index during the 1951-1952 period indicates that producers are unable—or perhaps unwilling*—to meet rising labor costs by raising their prices.

Faced with buyer resistance on the market and high and rigid costs in the factory, employers can't do much more than scale down their operations to a new break-even point at least. This means lay-offs, unless other means of cost-cutting can be developed. But since most industries have reached the hair-splitting stage in cost-cutting already, relatively little over-all help can be expected from this.

Competition in advertising, services, and in substitute products compensates, to some extent, for the relative rigidity of prices. Instalment buying also helps consumers to get over the price hurdle, but ultimately, in a free economy, price has to be the rationer of goods and the director of productive activity. If man-made rigidities frustrate a gradual readjustment of quantity and price of goods and character of enterprise to changing tastes and conditions, dangerous pressures are built up within the economy.

THESE pressures can vindicate the much maligned "gloomsters" who look for something more than a mere levelling off in 1954. The rigidities indicate that inflation has become built into the economy: obligations of one sort and another are undertaken on that basis, and when confidence is shaken under this condition, business is pretty vulnerable to panic: October, 1929, is the classical example of this in the field of finance.

*Economists Walter Morton, of the University of Wisconsin, and Milton Friedman of the University of Chicago argue that, in periods of boom, employers are deterred from raising the prices of their goods because the price advances would cause the unions to insist on wage increases. The market may not support the price increases for long, but on the other hand, the unions could make it very difficult to lower wages later on.

Labor's Politics – New Approach?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

in the United States meet in January to explore the possibilities of unity. Both have offered to step down from their high offices, if necessary, to achieve unity. But after a sixteen-year break, reconciliation will not come easily or quickly.

A unity program would have to be worked out in stages, with jurisdictional problems disposed of in secondary level negotiations. Opposition to unity can be expected from some vested interests in both groups, but labor's gains from a merger are so significant that the petty and selfish interests in the way can be pushed aside.

POLITICAL differences between the AFL and CIO no longer exist as a barrier to unity. Both have been active in the political field for the past few years, although the AFL's venture in support of political candidates has been more cautious than the CIO's more direct approach.

Canadian labor may still find political differences intruding on unity discussions that may develop between the Trades and Labor Congress and the Canadian Congress of Labor if events move favorably in the United States. The CCL is committed to the CCF—although some of its member unions go along with the decision with something less than enthusiasm, and in practice give no more than lip service to the endorsement of the Socialist party. The Trades and Labor Congress has consistently shunned any political ties or endorsement of any political party. This, however, has not prevented some TLC-affiliated unions from affiliating with the CCF, and there is a substantial group of rank and file delegates at TLC conventions who favor the CCF.

CCF supporters in the TLC have lacked any cohesive leadership and these unionists would look upon a merger of the two congresses as a means of rallying the CCF elements in both labor bodies. Should a merger come about, the question of the political character of the combined organization would probably be left to a future convention decision. At any event, the issue would probably be the source of a running dispute in the new body until it was resolved one way or another.

The recent feelers toward unity come at a time when the AFL's membership has far outstripped that of the CIO. Similarily, in Canada, the TLC membership outnumbers the CCL's by approximately 170,000. The CIO, which has more than half its membership concentrated in two unions, auto and steel, has suffered a sharp decline in strength in recent years. Part of its loss is due to expulsion of the Communist-dominated unions, but defections to the AFL have also been a factor in draining CIO strength. At its convention in Atlantic City early this month, the CIO claimed a membership of 5,692,000, but it is doubtful whether the CIO's total membership is much over the 4 million mark.

IN CONTRAST, and partly at the expense of CIO and CCL unions, the AFL and the Trades and Labor Congress have continued to expand in membership. The TLC hit a peak of 522,000 members and the AFL rose to a whopping 8,500,000 in the past year.

Despite its numerical superiority, the AFL has much to gain from a merger with the CIO. Trade unionism in the United States has registered few significant organizational gains in the past few years. Drives to organize the South have ended in failure, and money poured in to organize the white collar workers has paid off little better.

Counting the independent unions, such as the railroad brotherhoods and John L. Lewis' coal miners, total union strength is just over 14,500,000 out of a non-agricultural work force of 46,500,000.

The climate for labor will be even less favorable if a recession strikes the United States. Organic unity would pay off by helping to reduce

jurisdictional strife and by enabling the AFL and CIO to present a united front to both industry and government. Although labor has been fearful of what may be in store for it under the Republican administration, its fears have been somewhat allayed by the appointment of Martin P. Durkin, president of the AFL Plumbers and Pipe Fitters Union—and a Democrat to boot—as Secretary of Labor.

Whether the AFL and CIO merge, the emphasis by labor in the next year will be on expanding its role as a social force, both on the domestic scene and internationally. In Meany and Reuther, the two Labor organizations are headed by men whose ideas of the function of unions range far beyond their predecessors'.

Reuther is the more dynamic, more colorful and more visionary of the two. No labor leader, not excepting John L. Lewis, has caught the public imagination as has the "little Redhead", as Reuther is affectionately called by his friends.

It was Reuther who advanced what seemed like a utopian demand for industry-paid pensions. The guaranteed wage is another of Reuther's pet projects and much will be heard of this demand when the UAW contracts open for re-negotiation.

But Reuther's thinking does not stop with collective bargaining. He has submitted plans to congressional committees for a gigantic housing-construction scheme. His other plans have covered the field of international affairs, ranging from how to stop Communism to how to provide economic aid for the underprivileged of Europe and Asia.

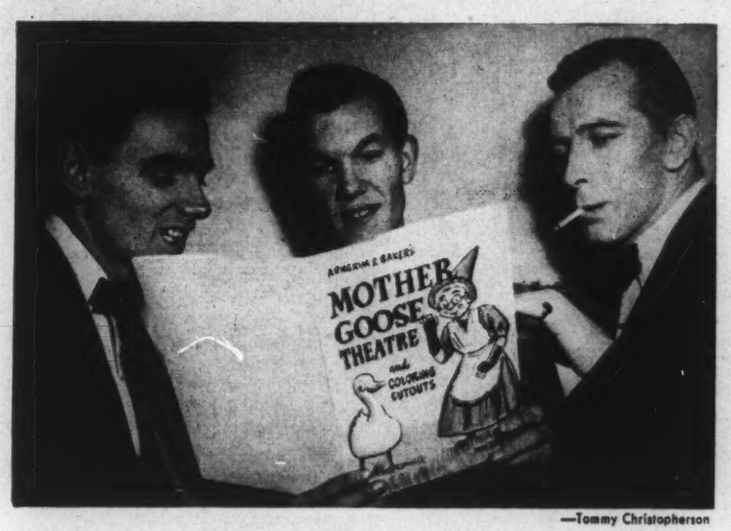
A former Socialist—and his adversaries both in the union and management ranks still consider him a Socialist—Reuther's personal mode of living is modest compared with labor leaders of lesser stature. His salary as UAW president is $11,250 a year (he receives no pay as CIO president). But above all, he is still the intellectual in the labor movement. More than anyone else he represents the new type of labor leader.

On the AFL side, Meany is the less spectacular, more conventional labor leader, but he is nonetheless vigorous and determined in his approach to problems confronting labor.

It was Meany who took the lead in denouncing the World Federation of Free Trade Unions as a Communist Front. His outspoken attack on the WFTU eventually led to the withdrawal of all the democratic unions from the Communist-dominated world organization and the formation of a new international free trade union movement, the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions.

Meany, who comes from the ranks of the plumbers, is the fourth person to head the federation since its foundation in 1881 and had been regarded for many years as heir to Green.

The future course of American labor rests to a large degree in the hands of these two men: Reuther and Meany. Everything points to a vigorous, intelligent and socially minded leadership for labor in the years ahead.



—Tommy Christopherson

CUTOUT BOOK for kiddies attending panto in Vancouver is studied by the two impresarios, Thor Arngrim (l) and Stuart Baker, with the director, Ian Dobbie.

THEATRE

Hurrah! Panto Time Is Here Again

by Margaret Ness

MISTLETOE and plum pudding and Tiny Tim and Mr. Pickwick may be Christmas to the English-reading world. But theatre-wise, Christmas is panto time. England has flocked to its pantomimes ever since the first production at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1716.

Canada had pantos, too, in the heyday of the English stock companies. But they died out—those fairy tales with their traditional spectacle of a man cavorting in skirts as The Dame and a long-legged girl as The Principal Boy. Then after the war a number of Canadian centres were again pleasantly seduced by this "innocent merriment" but not annually, except in Toronto. There, since 1949, Torontonians have had a choice of a professional show and two children's productions.

This year Vancouver's Totem Theatre slips in a panto as well as its regular weekly repertory — if a $20,000 advance budget can be said to "slip in." The show is "Mother Goose," the rollicking Wayne and Shuster re-write version that Montreal saw in 1950 (with a repeat this Christmas) and Toronto saw in 1951. Looks like the $20,000 is safe, too. By Dec. 10, only a few matinee seats were still available.

There's a cast of over 50 and a 13-piece orchestra. There's comedian Barney Potts as The Dame and comedy-dancer Brydon Duncan in the mime role of Priscilla the Goose, played by Jack Medhurst in the Eastern productions.

The Montreal "Mother Goose" will again have radio's Eric Christmas as The Dame but Medhurst transfers his animal clowning this year to the New Play Society's "Peter Pan." He'll be both the dog-nursemaid and the ticking crocodile. The Principal Boy will be Olga Romanik who has played singing roles in Vancouver's Theatre Under the Stars. Her Girl Friend will be soprano Doris Swan of Saskatoon. Last summer, Melody Fair (Musicals-in-the-Round in Toronto) raised her, their "Canadian starlet", from the chorus to featured roles. Summer singing seems like a good idea.

In Ottawa the Saturday Players (winners of the 1952 Bessborough Trophy) are playing "The Glass Slipper" and the Toronto Children's Players are doing "Beauty and the Beast," a 12-week success in England last year. The Vancouver Little Theatre, in cooperation with Everyman Theatre, presents "Mr. Toad of Toad Hill," under the direction of Sydney Risk.

But this year's most ambitious Christmas production is not a panto. It's Barrie's immortal "Peter Pan," staged by Toronto's New Play Society. There'll be all the flying trimmings, too, done on an authentic Kirby flying machine. This is a special system of flying invented by Englishman Joseph Kirby, "Producer of Peter Pan Flying Effects." And working the machine will be Peter Foy who flew Jean Arthur in the New York revival some two years ago. Director is Basil Langton.

PETER and Wendy will fly out the window and into the wings in the usual manner. But once in Toronto, in 1923, they were flown over the heads of the audience through a mock window behind the gallery. This wasn't done to cause a sensation—which it did—but because the stage of the Uptown Theatre (now a movie) was too small for the orthodox back-stage flight.

This 1923 Toronto production made theatre history. It was the first time the play had been performed on this continent by any but the Charles Frohman organization. Originally, Torontonian George Keppie asked the Frohman General-Manager, Alfred Hayman, for permission for the Vaughan Glaser stock company to do the play. Permission was refused. Keppie appealed to Barrie himself who cabled: "Have asked Hayman to let you have Peter. Please use subtitle The Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up. Let me know how you get on with it—Barrie."

It is understandable why the Frohman outfit hated to let any other company play "Peter." On this side of the Atlantic Peter had become completely identified with Maude Adams, a Frohman star. And with reason. "Peter Pan" was written for Miss Adams, although, in point of fact, the play was first produced in England in 1904, a year before Miss Adams's New York premiere. In England Peter never became any particular actress and changed shape almost every year to suit the curves of Cissie Loftus, Madge Titheradge, Fay Compton, Edna Best, Gladys Cooper and others.

Latest "Peter" is Tobi Robins who has played with the New Play Society before and is well-known in radio. Last summer she was with Maude Franchot's Niagara Falls Summer Theatre. She was honeymooning in Paris when she heard she'd been chosen as Peter against the field of applicants. Honeymoon or no honeymoon, Tobi caught a plane back in time for first rehearsals, complete with new husband, some essential flying harness and a new French gamin haircut. The hairdo was immediately declared "in" for Peter. Other hair decision: to change Wendy to a contrast-blonde. Jan Campbell didn't mind. She's willing to try anything, as witness her first professional debut last summer with the Oakville Carousel Players as "Camille". The challenge of such a role would have daunted most young actresses, but she came off with flying colors according to the critics.

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Christmas

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

composed by Nahum Tate, the Poet Laureate who died in a debtor's prison, and partly by Nicholas Brady, Royal Chaplain to William and Mary, who thundered his famous sermons from his pulpit at Richmond.

In story and in music, Christmas with its universal spirit reaches and touches the hearts of every nation. So does the single figure, the embodiment of that spirit: Santa Claus. The saint whose spirit remains in the familiar red-suited, white-bearded Santa Claus, was born in Myra in Asia Minor during the fourth century, under the patronymic of Nicholas. Claus entered the Church at an early age and later became a bishop. This was inevitable for the one thing that remains unchanged about Claus as we know him now is his insatiable appetite for faith. The notion of giving without receiving was a striking novelty in his day. There is a story connected with Claus that demonstrates this virtue that he had in abundance.

A good but impoverished citizen of Myra had three marriageable daughters, attractive in every way except for the lack of a dowry—a fatal drawback at the time. Unable to support the girls, the father was on the point of being forced to turn them out of the house. Claus, hearing of the affair, portioned out three sums of money from the coffers of the bishopric and, visiting the cottage late at night, deposited the money inside the window of the girls' room.

CLAUS took no personal credit for this gift or for any of the many similar gestures he made during his lifetime. But he became the object of almost instant veneration in the Byzantine Empire. And he has remained so ever since.

The exact location of his residence is unknown but it's believed to be somewhere behind the Iron Curtain—he was, of course, the patron saint of Holy Russia. Since his elevation to world citizenship, he was at first accepted with good-natured indifference by the Soviet; nowadays he is bourgeois and therefore *persona non grata* in his own country.

He is, as far as it is known, the only being on earth to wear a red ermine-trimmed suit and top boots for every occasion year in and year out. In this costume he has been a familiar figure in Germany and the Low Countries ever since the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Known to the Dutch burghers as San Nicolaas, he came with them to the New World and it was in the New World that he received that affectionate nickname by which we know him today.

FILMS

The British Renaissance

by Mary Lowrey Ross

THERE WAS a time, before World War II, when British films were practically non-exportable. They were torpid in direction and insular in tone. Occasional domestic comedies reached us, but these were long-drawn-out affairs, filled with small familiar household jokes. ("You'll find the tea in the can marked coffee.") Or they were music-hall comedy, so dear to the British heart, so inexplicable to the world outside.

Many of these films had long local runs. They were patronized by people who loved British film entertainment for its own sake and were, conceivably, rather more enthusiastic about being British than about being entertained. Movie-goers who didn't draw ardent patriotic lines simply stayed away from them. They had no success whatever in the United States.

All this has changed almost miraculously in the past few years. I don't know what sunny genius took over the future of British comedy—indeed it is probable that no one person is responsible for the transformation, but that a whole group of intelligent and talented people occupied themselves with the British film-entertainment field. Recognizing that while parlor-entertainment may be fun in the parlor, it is of very little interest to the neighbors, they struck out boldly for films that would be gay, intelligent, and universal. So we began getting pictures like "Passport to Pimlico", "Tight Little Island", "Kind Hearts and Coronets", "The Man in the White Suit".

Not all the British films that reach us are good, even yet. But the ones that are good are superlative; *e.g.* the new British comedy "Top Secret".

"Top Secret" deals gaily and often hilariously with a topic which Hollywood hardly dares touch, except in terms of ominous melodrama—the problem of political treachery. What it represents, in fact, is a kind of luminous common-sense, the recognition that if you laugh at a thing you fear you diminish the fear without reducing your awareness of the threat.

This is the story of an incredibly innocent plumber (George Cole), employed by the London Department of Sanitation, and self-styled a Sanitary Engineer, Grade I. He has drawn up an elaborate blueprint for a new tank to be used in London's public "Gentlemen's Ablutions", and by the time he starts for his annual holiday the briefcase containing his innocent plans has been switched with one holding the secret blueprint of the newest atomic device. This naturally raises a hue and cry and the hero's picture is widely broadcast as another scientific traitor who has disappeared behind the Iron Curtain. Presently the plumber himself is whisked behind the Iron Curtain, where he is treated with the majestic hospitality which the USSR presumably extends to nuclear scientists eager to sell out their countries.

The film, which was directed by Mario Sampi, is fresh, funny and ingenious at almost every turn. Even the routine chase finale has its wonderful moments—*e.g.* the sequence which has the hero diving for protection into a Youth Peace Parade and raising such a commotion that presently the young peace lovers are beating each other over the heads with their own peace slogans. George Cole, Oscar Homolka and Nadia Gray are the stars involved here, and they are all equal to their fine material.

"OPERATION SECRET" is a laborious World War II melodrama, with some current ideological tags to bring it up to date. Its hero (Cornel Wilde) is an American writer living in Europe, (and from the samples of prose submitted here, an abysmally bad one). He joins the English air force as a parachutist and his business is to drop into Germany and make photographic records of British raids at points deep inland. He is assisted in this undertaking by a nun (Phyllis Thaxter) who presently whisks off her robes and wimple and reveals herself as not only an ardent member of the underground movement but a sweater-girl of agreeable configuration. So much for the romance. The ideological angle comes in when the leader of the underground movement (Steve Cochrane) turns out to be a Communist, who naturally prefers to deliver captured plans and photographs to Mother Russia, rather than to England. The hero's shocked reaction to this struck me as oddly anachronistic—wasn't Russia our magnificent ally in those old forgotten days?

The story is told in a complicated series of flashbacks and it may take you some time to figure out who is on whose side, and why. I doubt very much if it's worth the trouble.

"BLOODHOUNDS of Broadway" is a typical Damon Runyon fairy tale about a bookie (Scott Brady) who ducks out of town just ahead of an investigation committee, and winds up in Georgia. There he comes across Emily Ann, an attractive hillbilly (Mitzi Gaynor) whom he promptly adopts, along with her two bloodhound pups, Nip and Tuck. In New York, Emily Ann blossoms within a few weeks into a singer and danseuse, (tap, ballroom and ballet) and, as a crowning miracle, is able to persuade her infatuated bookie to pay up his back income tax. Mitzi Gaynor is a nimble and engaging girl, but Nip and Tuck in their own simple-minded way, seemed to me the most diverting part of the show.

New Records

SYMPHONY NO. 1 — *Brahms.* Erich Leinsdorf conducts the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra. It is a workmanlike rendition of a composition redolent of themes charged with high emotion. Perhaps, therefore, the Second Movement is the one that stands out from the others. *(Victor—LBC1004.)*

SYMPHONY NO. 4—*Brahms.* You cannot do better in a recording of Brahms than this one by the NBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by Arturo Toscanini. It takes the fine perception of the maestro to rework the imaginative utterances that lie vertically and horizontally in the work. A standard number in orchestral repertoire, the Brahms Fourth has too often received pedestrian interpretations. It needed Toscanini to express the graces and the strengths of the Brahms inspiration. *(Victor—LM1713.)*

CHOPIN RECITAL. Pianist Julius Katchen plays a Chopin group—Ballade No. 3, Scherzo No. 3 and the Fantaisie in F Minor—in a competent if somewhat lacklustre (especially in the Fantaisie) interpretation. Recording: good. *(London—LS554.)*

LA DEMOISELLE ELUE—*Debussy*—ODE A LA MUSIQUE and Numbers from "LE ROI MALGRE LUI"—*Chabrier.* Debussy's setting of Rossetti's poem ("The Blessed Damozel") is given a superb performance by soprano Janine Micheau and choristers of the Chorale Elisabeth Brasseur and L'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris. The Chabrier numbers, equally full-bodied in choral and orchestral departments, are also conducted by Jean Fournet. *(London—LL639.)*

SYMPHONY NO. 9 (Choral)—*Beethoven*—Beethoven started work on the Ninth in 1817, his 47th year. His deafness was approaching totality. He lived in utter, self-imposed loneliness and in untended squalor. His music was earning ever decreasing understanding and popularity. To undertake six years of labor on the most ambitious work he ever had planned, he had no possible motive but one: the unmistakable conviction (correct, of course) that the world of the future would take his music to its heart.

So writes John Conly in a recent *Atlantic* essay on this work. It still is the greatest orchestral-choral opus ever written and hangs together beautifully from the first ominous note to its last cry for human brotherhood.

Erich Klieber conducts the Vienna Philharmonic with Singverein der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde and four talented Viennese soloists. The recording is excellent and Klieber does a remarkably smooth job at orchestral and choral range of expression. *(London—LL632/33.)*

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BOOK REVIEWS

The Great Frozen Land Itself

THE FACE OF THE ARCTIC—by Richard Harrington—*Nelson*—$6.50.

by D. M. LeBourdais

THIS is one of the most important books to come out of the Arctic in a long time. Richard Harrington, widely-known photographer of native peoples in many lands, is also a writer of vivid, graphic prose. In this book of 369 large pages containing 160 remarkable camera shots, he gives a lively account of his travels, of mounties, missionaries, traders, but more particularly, of the Eskimos.

"The Face of the Arctic" is a record in picture and prose of Harrington's five trips to the Canadian arctic regions, during which he has travelled 3,000 miles, mostly by dogteam. Yet this is not a travel book; it is not intended to stimulate the tourist traffic. If Harrington had suspected such a thing, the book would not have been published. He has a sincere admiration for these happy, hospitable, ingenious, lovable people whose greatest enemy is advancing civilization. With the opening up of the North, now inevitable, their nomadic, stone-age way of life must come to an end. Harrington and all others who love the Eskimos realize this. So far, no one has come up with a practicable plan for their preservation.

Like other Canadian mothers, every Eskimo woman is entitled to a monthly allowance for each child under 16; but since there are no banks, the allowance takes the form of an order on the nearest trading-post, and is distributed by the RCMP, whose duties have thus been greatly increased.

On one trip, Harrington travelled by dogteam, sleeping in igloos, with Dick Connick, of the RCMP, from Coppermine to Bathurst Inlet, a distance of about 250 miles on the map, but over 500 miles by the course they followed. Swinging inland, they called on a number of Eskimo groups, Connick handing out vouchers and checking vital statistics.

The Eskimo practice of adopting children gives the mounties much paper work and many headaches. They find it hard to tell whose children are whose. Eskimos have no family names, each parent has a different one, the children still others, besides which, Eskimos, for no apparent reason, often take new names.

Then the missionaries, if Anglican dub the little Eskimos Elizabeth, or William or Arthur, while, if Catholic, Marie, or Jules or Pierre. At one place, Harrington recorded: "Bill [RCMP constable] told me of a new ruling made at Ottawa. Henceforth adoptions were illegal. From now on a child had to *belong* to its parents, be of their blood. This would greatly simplify keeping the records, both on the part of the RCMP and the government clerks."

He visited the Padleimiuts, a scattered community of caribou hunters living inland from Hudson Bay. That year the caribou migration had passed them by, and starvation stalked the land. "I handed out a few chocolate bars," he wrote, "some tea and biscuits, feeling helpless and ashamed." His pictures show some of the grim realities of primitive life, men, women and children in the last stages of starvation. "In the midst of this misery I took photographs. Time and time again, when I used my camera in a dark, grimy hut, or when out of doors and the lens clouded up, I could hear in imagination picture-editors saying: "This don't do for reproduction. Poor focus, poor exposure . . ."

"Starvation is a frightening thing," he wrote. "Suddenly the great frozen land itself terrified me. I tried in vain to recapture some of the ecstasy I had felt in the past when looking out over these vast white horizons. I had felt at times that the Arctic was like a great symphony not yet written, but waiting for the right composer to come along. The symphony would be something like Bach's *Toccata and Fugue*—vibrant, resonant, relentless."

But, relentless though it may be, the North keeps calling Harrington back. Before this is in type, he will be in the Arctic again, away up near the top of the map, in the vicinity of Melville Peninsula, and before the break-up comes, he will return with another lot of pictures and impressions of the people he can't forget.

Essential Difference

THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY—by Tom Lea—*McClelland & Stewart*—$4.50.

by John L. Watson

TOM LEA will be remembered as the author of "The Brave Bulls", that vivid, high-powered portrait of the great *torero* which explored so brilliantly the predicament of a brave man in the grip of fear. "The Wonderful Country" can be compared with "The Brave Bulls" only at the level of pure description.

Once again Mr. Lea expresses his abiding love for the Southwest—the countries on both sides of the Rio Grande—in prose that has the tough sheen of saddle leather, the clean, muscular texture of Texas before Tidelands and Nieman-Marcus. The visible world and the actions of men are the subjects of this novel, not the impact of the world on the men or the motives for the men's actions. It is therefore a novel of less stature than its predecessor.

The story concerns Martin Brady, who as a young boy had killed his father's murderer, then fled to Mexico. As a grown man he returns to Texas on a mission for his Mexican employer, the autocratic General Marcos Castro. He determines to regain his lost birthright and become a true American once more. After many tribulations he attains his object, becoming a member of the Texas Rangers and "finding a camp at last, lost no longer".

Luis Bello, the matador of "The Brave Bulls", was played in the movies by Mel Ferrer; Martin Brady will assuredly be played by Gary Cooper. Therein lies the whole difference.

The Modest Warrior

THE HAPPY HUNTED — by Brigadier George Clifton, DSO, MC—*British Book Service*—$4.25.

by Maj.-Gen. E. L. M. Burns

BRIGADIER CLIFTON tells the story of his war with gusto, simple humor and modesty. He served with the New Zealand Division in Greece and in the Western Desert up till September 1942. Shortly before the battle of El Alamein, he had the misfortune to be taken prisoner, in the confused operations when Rommel's final thrust towards Egypt was being blocked—incidentally, a tale of hard and gallant fighting by the New Zealanders and Australians that is too little known.

In the conditions of desert warfare, it was relatively easy for a senior officer to get "put in the bag." Troops were widely scattered in a terrain with hardly any identifiable features. When Brigadiers went forward in their jeeps or utilities to find how the battle was going, they took chances of ending up in the midst of an enemy formation, instead of their own — and that is what Clifton did.

He had two interviews with Rommel who complained the New Zealanders had been bayoneting wounded; Clifton explained that in the confusion of night fighting, when some Germans were shooting from the ground after being passed, the New Zealanders were not to be blamed for ensuring that those who seemed to be dead really were so. But in general, this was a "gentleman's war".

"The Face of the Arctic"
RICHARD HARRINGTON

"A Pilgrim's Progress"
BEVERLEY NICHOLS

In the latter half of the book Brigadier Clifton narrates his nine attempts at escape from prison camps in Italy and Germany. He finally did get away before the end of the war, joining the Americans who had just crossed the Rhine.

The New Zealand Division fought in the 1st Canadian Corps in September-October 1944; and we rubbed shoulders with them at various other times in Italy. They were indeed good troops to have on the flank; Canadian soldiers who knew them then will particularly enjoy this war story of a gallant fighter, and a brave and unassuming man.

Cling To What?

A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS—by Beverley Nichols—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.75.

by Bernard Keble

DON'T press the analogy with Bunyan too far; it isn't a very good one.

Mr. Nichols, who is a good deal like Mr. H. V. Morton only that he does for institutions and groups what the latter does for places, wanders in this book around the various faiths and attempts at faith in the British Isles of today and reports upon them, usually with notable perception and literary skill. He finds everywhere an intense desire for something to cling to and almost everywhere an extreme dissatisfaction which appears to him to be well justified by the weaknesses of the faith, notably in Christian Science and the Witnesses of Jehovah.

He seems to regret the disappearance of the practice of pilgrimage from the Protestant world, but how are you to maintain pilgrimage if you deny the existence of contemporary miracles? The Roman Catholics have kept pilgrimage alive, but only by making the miraculous a part of contemporary history. Thousands go to Ste. Anne de Beaupré because of the crutches there, but nobody goes to Canterbury because of any miracles worked by the Red Dean.

Problem in BC

DOUKHOBORS AT WAR—by John P. Zubek and Patricia Anne Solberg — *Ryerson — $4.50.*

by B. K. Sandwell

IT IS twelve years since the publication of "Slava Bohu", by J. F. C. Wright, which until now has been the most recent and most scientific study of the Doukhobor problem. There has been much change since then both in the behavior of the Doukhobors themselves and in the scientific, psychological, approach to the whole question.

It was therefore time for a new appraisal, and no two writers could have been more perfectly equipped to make it. Dr. Zubek spent his entire schooling period in Grand Forks, learned the Doukhobor language and became a close friend of several of the younger members of the sect. He is a member of the Canadian and American Psychological Associations, and though on the staff of McGill is still in close touch with British Columbia. His colleague Dr. Solberg, also at McGill, has lived in both British Columbia and Saskatchewan, and is a well known writer of articles and stories.

They have had the benefit of the admirable Report of the Consultative Committee, and they have done a great deal of first-hand investigation. They recommend a policy of the widest possible tolerance of Doukhobor peculiarities, and predict that this would hasten the process of assimilation.

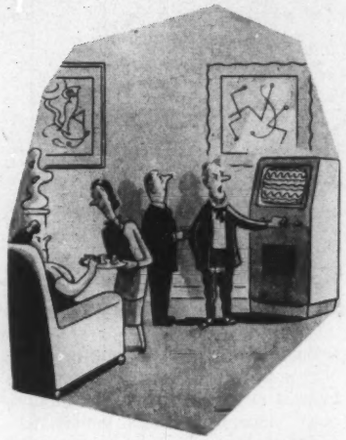
Army vs. The Gestapo

THE COLDITZ STORY—by P. R. Reid—*Hodder & Stoughton—$3.75.*

by J. L. Charlesworth

COLDITZ in Saxony is a mediaeval castle, built on a high promontory over the River Mulde. The outside walls are, on an average, seven feet thick and the inner courtyard is about 250 feet above the river level. The Germans in both wars had some reason for believing it to be escape-proof, but they reckoned without the ingenuity of prisoners of war. In this book P. R. Reid, a captain in the RASC, who, as escape officer of the prison, planned and assisted in many escape attempts before his own successful try in 1942, tells the exciting and often funny story of the numerous devices used to outwit and annoy the Germans.

Colditz held prisoners of all the nations engaged in the war against Germany. Qualification for entrance was an attempted escape from another camp, so the fortress became a concentration of the most resourceful and daring of all the prisoners in German hands. When the author arrived in November, 1940, with some companions who had been caught in an unsuccessful escape, one of their first experiences was a visit from some Polish officers who had passed through five locked doors with the aid of home-made picklocks. Although there was an abundance of locked doors throughout the prison, the Germans had to admit themselves baffled at the ease with which their wards managed to go wherever they liked.



"ONE OF THE VALVES blew out ages ago but we find the patterns so intriguing". From "Look at You", a new collection of cartoons by David Langdon. *British Book Service, $2.00.*

One advantage of the prisoner of war in relation with his jailers is that he is naturally a man of superior intelligence. If the guards were particularly intelligent, they would not be guards. Then too, the prisoner can concentrate all his energies on the task he sets himself, while the guard's job soon becomes a matter of routine, often sloppily performed or neglected.

One of the amusing incidents related by Captain Reid concerns a time when the Gestapo decided the camp authorities were becoming too slack in the performance of their duties and sent some of their own men in to show how a thorough search for contraband should be conducted. The Gestapo men went through the building from top to bottom, opening every locked door, probing and shining their flashlights into all dark corners. They discovered little of importance but when they came to leave they found that their own keys and flashlights had vanished. The prisoners later returned the keys to the camp authorities, after first taking impressions for their own use.

—From "Look at You"

"WARM, WARM . . ."

Glowing Tapestry

THE GOLDEN HAND—by Edith Simon—*British Book Service—$3.00.*

by Franklin Davey McDowell

IN FUTURE YEARS "The Golden Hand" may occupy the same place in the fiction list of the 1950's as did Scott's "Waverley" in the first decade of the 19th Century; for a new historical writer has brightened our literary horizon with the brilliance of a glorious sunrise.

The author has penned a telling panorama of life in the mid-14th Century, that richly colored period of history marked by the pomp of chivalry and snobbery, the rise of the merchant class to social prestige and political power, and the abject poverty of the underprivileged classes. Here are all the ingredients for a drama of class and economic clash but Miss Simon heightens the tension by the unearthing of a mysterious Golden Hand, with its miraculous gift of healing and the building of a magnificent Cathedral to house it by the united effort of the communities of Bedesford and the Lordship of Cinqmort.

Indeed, the theme of the Golden Hand and the Cathedral is woven into Miss Simon's dramatic tale as a golden thread runs through a priceless tapestry. Nor is the explanation of the mysterious Golden Hand a simple one: it involves a complex, tragic drama that could only have happened in The Golden Age of Faith. Technically the book may not be classed either as an historical romance or historical novel. Rather the author has taken a loose form of the novel structure for the framework of her story. This is told through the reactions of the Bedesford community to the tragedies of the Black Death which wiped out one-third of England's population; the cruel vengeance taken after Watt Tyler's so-called Peasants' Revolt; and the general ruin of the realm that impoverished landowners, peasants and artisans and gave rise to the wealthy merchant class and the inauguration of the capitalistic system.

As Jusserand, the eminent French writer, worded it: "The English people then underwent one of those profound transformations which present themselves to the historian's view like the turning of a highway." In this troublesome period of transition we find the setting of Miss Simon's book. When we recall that life expectancy in the 14th Century was 20 years, or less, her characters are drawn from four generations in the 40 years covered by her story.

The problem to this reviewer is not what must be included but what must be excluded for lack of space, so rich is "The Golden Hand" in characters, episode and incident. Through the lives of the community we watch unfold the drama of life and death, good and evil and pride and humility. We visit the manor house of the Lords of Cinqmort (a curious play on words if we translate the surname into French but inadequate if we remember that one lord contemplated killing every tenth man for unlawful slaying of a

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deer). We notice the thick stone walls and turrets behind which the lord lives, and we see the long Cinqmort features twist in grief at the wedding of his hunchback daughter, Juliana, to a wealthy wool merchant, but an empty purse demanded this affront to family dignity.

But neither was the boy king, Richard II, in better circumstance. There came a day when he offered Juliana's merchant son-in-law a baronetcy for gold, and Luke Robinson, a power in the town and two shires, refused the costly honor. Juliana, true to the traditions of her family, set out in a wagon to take her own gold to the king. She arrived safely in London despite the march of embittered peasants on the Capital. Nor did the town of Bedesford escape the uprising. The manor house was stormed and burned and a Lord of Cinqmort died in a muddy field. After the collapse of the revolt the vengeance wreaked on the warring peasants makes thrilling and touching reading.

Miss Simon's tale is told from the viewpoint of the common people. We go with them into their huts and farm buildings. We see a cradle lined with sweet scented shavings, a maiden sleeping beside a cow in the byre. We smell the earth, the filth of the huts and listen to the humble folk voice their superstitious beliefs. There is the witch credited with healing the sick, but she was denounced and sentenced to death, and her last curse was believed to have brought death to those marked by it.

Conversely, there was the peasant lad, Alfred, who became a friar and then an abbot; he worked miracles in his own prosaic way and did much to build the Cathedral. He was one of the three men who knew the secret of the Golden Hand and its disclosure marks a high-tide of dramatic writing, equalled only by the grisly scene when a leper, once a man of wealth and power, was "cast forth", for ever to be a nameless wanderer of the byways.

"The Golden Hand" is recommended as a work of outstanding power and merit and its 225,000 words provide a rich feast for the reader. Miss Simon's prose has a curious, almost hypnotic effect. It creates an illusion not unlike that of watching a three dimensional drama unfold across the void of six centuries. We predict that this book will live in the history of English literature.

Independent Spain

SPANISH PAINTING—by Jacques Lassaigne—*Burns & MacEachern—$17.50.*

by Paul Duval

THIS is the latest volume in the series of art history publications issued by the Swiss house of Skira. The first of two great volumes on Spanish painting, it contains the large and authentic color plates which marked the quality of earlier volumes in the Skira undertaking. Illustrated by 70 large reproductions, the text by historian Jacques Lassaigne traces the evolution of painting in the Iberian peninsula from the eleventh century to the luminous sixteenth-

century masterpieces of the Graeco-Spaniard, El Greco.

In his extensive text, Lassaigne covers much ground hitherto neglected in most histories. In particular, his treatment of the primitives Ferrer, Bassa, Dalmar, Huguet, Bermejo and Berruguete is illuminating and valuable. Throughout, the author relates these, and later artists to the society of their period and treats them in the perspective of Spanish isolation from the mainstream of European art evolution.

As he states: "Nothing could be gained by trying to define the Spanish Schools in terms of any foreign Schools, especially those of Italy and the Low Countries . . . Moreover, though inevitably and unquestionably Spanish painters came under foreign influences, they were quickly absorbed by them, assimilated and expelled". In fact, as Lassaigne points out, Spanish painting is more often the story of reaction *against* foreign influences rather than a domination by them.

Of compelling interest to the student of modern art is the section of plates devoted to the early Catalan painters. Their pictorial inventions, which have had such a marked influence upon Picasso, Miro and other contemporary Spaniards, have never before been presented to such advantage as in the Skira volume. Altogether, this first volume of two to be devoted to Spanish painting forms a lavish addition to a group of books which, when completed, will form our most remarkable and extensive history of art.

Wearisome Whimsy

FROM BEOWULF TO VIRGINIA WOOLF — by Robert Manson Myers—*McLelland & Stewart—$2.75.*

ONE-UPMANSHIP — by Stephen Potter — *Clarke, Irwin—$2.00.*

by Melwyn Breen

IT IS SELDOM that a book's only relatively interesting point is its title. Nevertheless this is exactly the case here.

Starting with a title that sets a high level of facetiousness the book degenerates into a series of wearisome puns on the more obviously transmutable names, events and titles in English Literature. The whimsy in the book seems to have been laid on in successive layers, the author going over and over his material attempting to twist every phrase into the humorous. Since it becomes immediately apparent that the author's sense of humor verges on the coy, its cumulative straining at first infuriates and later bores.

The third volume in the series on the Art of Being One-Up pursues the scientific documentation of caddishness but fails in the cumulative effect to add much that is new. Mr. Potter's peculiarly fine-grained whimsy does not lend itself to infinite variation and the usual tricks of voluminous footnotes and mock references à la anyone's book on chess fails to draw quite the delight it once did.

Sometimes the material lends itself beautifully to this sort of treatment; at other times there is an intractability to the matter that makes the method exceedingly tedious. The variations on the theme of caddishness are no doubt endless. But Mr. Potter's tricks must by their nature eventually have a stop.

Well-loved Land

THE BRUCE BECKONS—by William Sherwood Fox—*University of Toronto Press—$4.00.*

by William Sclater

LIKE a pointing spear through the heart of the lakes is the great Bruce promontory of Huron. This is its story, seen by the author through the years of his own life as well as that of his father and his friends.

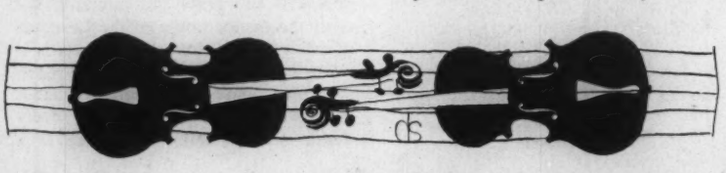
It is dedicated and fittingly to: "The Men and Women of the Bruce who accepted the challenges of a hard land and moody waters with brave hearts and smiling faces." It is told as such a tale should be told, through the remembered things of those who live there, through the things of the land and the waters also. They were solid folk. One cannot read the saga of Alexander McGregor without marvelling at the magnificent fortitude of the man, at his calm acceptance of what life had to offer and his determination to make the best of it.

In the shipwrecks off the coast, the folklore, the natural wonders and resources, the people, we see the past as step by step we go along the road to Tobermory. A quiet book this, deep with the depth of the years. A well-loved land seen through understanding eyes; a land of triumph and of failure but out of which has come a people in whose blood has been distilled a measure of its greatness as they have survived and taken up the gauntlet of the challenges it flung at them. As for the rest:

"A weed-grown wound between time-blighted trees,
A crumbling chimney that now stands alone,
Show where a home that faced the summer breeze
Has turned a cenotaph of scattered stone."

—Arthur Stringer.

Illustrations are by Clare Bice and Vincent Elliott, both former students of Dr. Fox at Western.



People and Places

MANY MANSIONS — by Isabel Bolton — *Saunders—$3.75.*

by Carlton McNaught

ALONE in her shabby room above the roar of New York's traffic, Margaret Silvester spends her 85th birthday conning the manuscript of a novel in which she has embodied her own life story. Scenes from her past flash through her mind, viewed in the long perspective of old age.

Isabel Bolton has used this rather tricky device with great skill and sensitiveness to show how an eccentric old woman came to be the way she was. In a series of vivid flashbacks, we are given the main episodes in her career over a period which stretches from the serene nineties to the troubled world of 1950. The present mingles with the past, and we see her groping for some clue to the meaning of her own life and the tragic upheavals of her time.

Miss Bolton has the rare capacity of presenting individuals in the broad setting of their times, without permitting the background to dominate her canvas. Thus, besides being a vividly-told story of individual relationships and personal struggle, "Many Mansions" is social history of the first order, the more absorbing because it is related in terms of human character development.

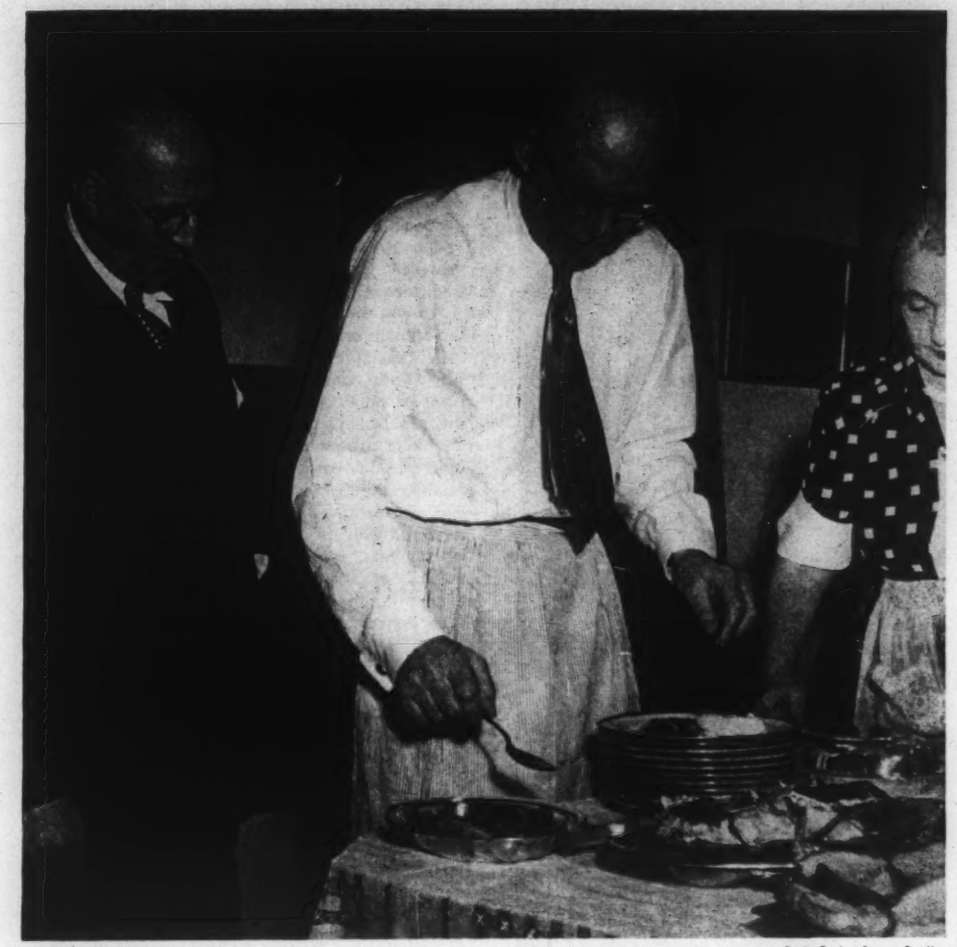
Growth In Time

SYMPHONIC MUSIC—by Homer Ulrich—*Oxford—$5.25.*

by John Creed

THIS VOLUME will be found to be insufficient as a reference book but it is rich in appreciative comment on symphonic music from the seventeenth century to the present day. The author, Professor of Music at the University of Texas, treats composers, trends in composition, analyses of important works, instrumentation, etc. He follows a chronological pattern but rounds off his discussions as separate essays.

His ideas, rather than arbitrary historical periods or careers, make a happy breakdown of the total symphonic literature and an amazing amount of it is surveyed in an urbane, informative but not boringly academic fashion.



—Dick Gade, Baron Studios

GUEST Rowe Holland awaits in anticipation as Harry Duker serves ha-mass, abalone. Mrs. Duker, right.

WORLD OF WOMEN

INDIAN DINNER

by Margaret Ecker Francis

HARRY DUKER, the jovial, red-faced promoter of British Columbia as "Totem-land" believes you have to go native once in a while if you want to find out what goes on inside an Indian.

To achieve just this, he concocts a mess o'cluq-istin, ha-mass and clu-boq — all of which do go inside an Indian gourmet — and invites friends along to his Vancouver home to the sampling of an authentic Indian dinner.

"Indian totems, we all know," says the host, who is never without his red tie emblazoned with a leering totem pole. "We know from their other arts and crafts that West Coast Indians were true artists. But they were gourmets, too. Smell that cluq-istin. Mmmm!"

Harry Duker is a champion golfer, president of the Vancouver Automobile Association, and honorary secretary-treasurer of "Totem-land," an organization with the purpose of protecting Indian art. In the kitchen, in one of Mrs. Duker's striped aprons, he was a high priest presiding over an ancient rite.

Guests, wondering if they should have had a sandwich before they left home, peeked in. A mysterious witch's brew was bubbling green and ominous in one pot.

The host, a-quiver and sensitive like a true chef, was poking into the oven. "Oh, it just isn't right, it just isn't right," he was sighing.

BC salmon was barbecuing under a layer of cedar chips. Definitely not *comme il faut*, moaned the maestro. Salmon with cedar flavor, he said, is "clu-coq," as Indian feast *pièce de résistance*. If this had been a real Indian potlatch, the squaws, who no doubt would have been up at dawn catching the fish, would have been down on the beach all day slowly turning the cohoes on a cedar spit over a cedar campfire, oh so slowly, so the fragrance of the wood would enter the fish.

By chow time the squaws, no doubt, would be as smoked as the fish, but motherly Mrs. Duker was playing it smarter. "Harry knows all about these things, and he does them so beautifully," she smiled, a safe distance from the stove, cool, calm and unsmoked.

There were appetizers on the table now, at the foot of the centrepiece — a totem, interpreted to the guests as the great Thunderbird giving the country, now Social Credit's stronghold, to the Indians. The dining descendants of the race who had taken the Thunderbird's land away from his Indian brothers hoped the sinister-eyed bird wouldn't decide to put a hex on the food for pioneer misdeeds.

Or maybe the bird was just eyeing the abalone *hors d'oeuvres*, a favorite delicacy with thunderbirds as well as Indians, no doubt.

"But good," said the guests, nibbling at the white bits which had a tangy, exaggerated shellfish flavor. "Not *comme il faut*," sighed the host again. Each piece, according to Indian etiquette should be dipped—via fingers naturally—in oolichan oil. And here, produced in triumph, was authentic oolichan oil. It was deep yellow and smelled like strong Stilton cheese—well, something like Stilton cheese, with overtones. This delicacy turned out to be a sort of distilled essence of a herring-like fish, well aged. Most of the guests settled for mundane seafood cocktail sauce.

AGAIN, if this had been an Indian feed-fest, and Mrs. Duker the hostess squaw, she would have been worn to a frazzle, whipping up that abalone, and whipping is the right word. The shellfish, explained Mr. Duker, is only found very deep in cold northern Pacific waters. It takes some fishing for, and when it is brought to the surface, a soup-plate sized crustacean inside its shell, it is covered with a stubborn brown sediment.

Out comes the Fels-Naptha, or the Duz if she's a modern squaw, and the guck is scrubbed off—a chore conducive to dishpan hands by the time the fish is clean.

Then it is rinsed and rinsed and rinsed, everybody hopes, before being popped into the pot for several hours' boiling. If the squaw is wise, she takes 40 at this point, because once boiled the abalone has to be pounded like crazy until it shakes like a bowl full of jelly. No wonder the squaws crawled to their teepees for a snooze while their braves stuffed themselves in the old days.

After all they'd been up all spring, getting ready for the big potlatch shindig. Ha-mass was the second *hors d'oeuvre*. The squaws had gone fishin', along a river bank, soon as the spring salmon started up to spawn. Caught, the fish came out second best in a skin game, and the squaws stretched the hides out on racks to dry and cure in the sun. Then after more squaw-hours over a hot boiling pot, the ha-mass, shrivelled and curled, is ready for a before-feast snack. It tastes something like smoked Scottish salmon.

"Harry's Indian friends gave him the abalone and ha-mass," explained Mrs. Harry, and there was relief in her voice.

There should have been a rousing roll of tom toms, because just then in came the cook with his triumph. It was the green brew in the soup pot — cluq-istin to us Indians-for-a-night.

To provide this, the squaws would have been once more out at dawn, or maybe still, collecting seaweed below tide level and digging clams. The odds are Harry cheated and bought the saltwater herbiage and clams. At least, à la squaw, he did trot out the soup pot and stew the seaweed very slowly in its own juice before tossing in the chopped clams. Taste sensation? But different, *mais oui* — a bit like eating green spaghetti that tasted like spinach-clam chowder, and no monosodium glutamate needed.

Pre-paleface days, the natives couldn't whip up to the cash-and-carry for a pound of salt or a pot of pepper so, it was explained, seaweed was the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

—Malak

THE MAYOR

His Worship, His Honor

THE TITLE of "mayor" has an ancient and honorable history. The French form of the title is *maire;* in Germany, it is *bürgermeister;* In Italy, *podesta;* in Spain, *alcalde;* and in Scotland. *provost.* Originally, the title had much wider significance than it has today.

Among the nations which arose on the ruins of the Roman empire and who made use of Latin as their official and legal language, *maior* and the Low Latin *maiorissa* were convenient terms to describe important officials of both sexes who had the superintendence of others. Thus it was that the male officer who governed the King's household was known as *maior domus.* In the households of the Frankish Kings, the *maior domus,* who was also variously known as the *gubernator, rector, moderator* or *praefector paltai,* was so great an officer that, frequently, he ended by evicting his master, a custom which tradition has preserved even unto these times! Beside the *maior domus* (the major domo), there were other officers who were *maiores,* for instance: the *maior equorum* (mayor of the horse) and the *maior cubiculi* (mayor of the bedchamber).

A title which could be applied so easily and in so many circumstances was certain to be widely used. The post-Augustine *maiorumus,* "one of the larger kind" was the origin of the mediaeval Spanish *merinus,* who, in Castilian, is the *merino,* a judicial and administrative officer of the King. The *gregum merinus* was the superintendent of the flocks of the corporation of sheep-owners called the *mesta,* whence the sheep, and then the wool, have come to be known as *merino*—a word identical in origin with the municipal title of mayor.

In England, the chief officers of the boroughs down to the 11th century were the appointed reeves. The mayor appears in the twelfth century at the period when municipal life was developing rapidly. He was elected head of the town government. London obtained a mayor in 1191, and, by the middle of the thirteenth century, the practice was general.

The mayors of certain cities in the British Isles have acquired by prescription the prefix of "Lord". The title "right honorable" is a distinction conferred only upon the Lord Mayors of London, York, Belfast, and in Australia, of Melbourne, Sydney and Adelaide. The title is likewise accorded the Lord Provosts of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

In the United States, it is the custom to accord the prefix "Honorable" to the mayors of cities and it is usual to address them as "Your honor". In Canada, the traditional British saluation prevails, namely "Your Worship".

The mark of respect thus accorded the chief magistrates of our cities and towns derives from the mellowed pages of history and serves to remind us of the unbroken link between the municipal governments of today and their early counterparts of long centuries ago.—*The Listening Post.*

THE WINNER.....

CHARLOTTE WHITTON, CBE, by all odds most colorful and controversial occupant of a Chief Magistrate's seat in Canada, went through her first election contest for the mayoralty of Ottawa and emerged from the vigorously fought civic elections on December 1 still with a firm grasp on the mayoral chain of office. It was her first election to a post to which she had succeeded (because she had headed the polls as controller) when her predecessor, Mayor Grenville Goodwin, died while in office. Ia her campaign for a controllership Mayor Whitton's supporters wore an ordinary needle and thread as their buttonhole election symbol. This time they chose a darning needle "because the job is bigger". When the smoke of battle cleared the scoreboard showed: Charlotte Whitton, 36,038. Her opponent, Leonard Coulter, 32,541.

CORONATION SOUVENIRS

—Fede..

CROWN lapel brooch in rhinestones, one of the designs which have won the approval of Coronation Souvenirs Committee.

GOBLET is engraved with the Queen's crest and date of her Coronation. The stems are spiralled in red, white and blue.

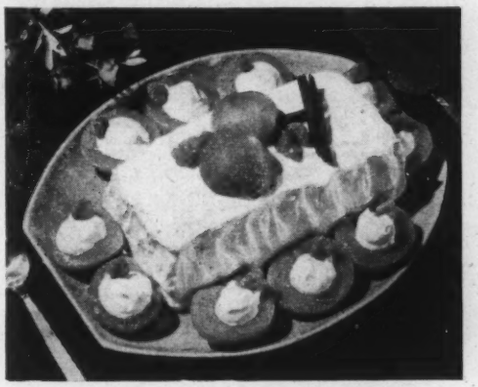
SUGAR BOWL made to represent (but not an exact copy of) the Royal Orb. Note the design of shamrock, rose and thistle.

CONCERNING FOOD

DESSERTS WITH GLAMOUR

by Marjorie Thompson Flint

A GLAMOROUS sweet is a dramatic finale to any meal—especially so when served at special occasion dinners. In menu planning the aforementioned dinners it is difficult to improve upon succulent roasts of beef, lamb or savory stuffed chicken. Vegetables chosen are usually "in season" or frozen "in season" and the trimmings served are suited to the main entree. The dessert is however the surprise element and here there is a wonderful choice of light and sweet, hot and spicy and frozen luscious delicacies.



PEACHES-ON-THE-BOUGH CAKE: See directions.

Here is a recipe for a not-too-sweet frozen pudding. It should not be served too hard frozen but rather at the soft-ice-cream stage. Nice with vanilla wafers or almond macaroons.

Southern Frozen Cream

¾ cup milk
1 egg yolk
½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon vanilla
½ tablespoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons rum or sherry

Heat milk in double boiler. Mix egg yolk with sugar and flour. Add some hot milk to egg yolk, combine and return to double boiler. Stir constantly until mixture thickens. Remove from heat, add vanilla, lemon juice and rum. Chill thoroughly (about 45 minutes). Set refrigerator at coldest setting and prepare the following:

¼ cup seeded raisins, chopped
¼ cup glace cherries, chopped
¼ cup blanched almonds, chopped
¼ cup crushed pineapple, well drained

Combine and set aside until needed.

Beat *1 egg white* until stiff and then *½ pint heavy cream*. Fold both into chilled custard and turn into large sized freezing tray or 2 small ones. Freeze to a mush. Stir in fruits and nuts and freeze about 2 hours longer. Then turn control to normal setting until serving time. This quantity will serve 4 to 6. It is easy to double the ingredients for a larger amount.

Peach Dessert Cake

(The Peaches-on-the-Bough cake shown in the photo.)

How-to-do:

A loaf cake of the sponge, angel or chiffon variety is best for this purpose. Split into 3 layers horizontally and fill with lemon butter or a rich lemon filling. Then frost top and sides with sweetened, flavored (well flavored) whipped cream. Place on an attractive platter and arrange the garnish.

Drain peach halves thoroughly (on paper towelling). Place 2 halves cut side down on top of cake (see photo) and tint cheeks with red vegetable coloring. Make stems with stick cinnamon and leaves with pale green gumdrops—cut into leaf shape if possible. Surround cake with peach halves filled with whipped cream and garnish with gumdrop leaves.

Note: To make this a quick-and-easy dessert use a baker's sponge cake or a cake mix cake. Fill with lemon pie filling mix. Keep in refrigerator until needed.

Baked or steamed puddings rate high when winter winds blow cold.

Fig-Marmalade Pudding

½ cup shortening
1/3 cup brown sugar
1 egg, beaten
2¼ cups sifted pastry flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
¾ cup milk
1 cup chopped dried figs
1 cup orange marmalade

Cream shortening and sugar; add egg and beat well. Sift dry ingredients together and add to creamed mixture alternately with milk. Fold in figs and marmalade, blending well. Pour into greased and floured 8 or 9 inch tube pan. Bake in oven 325°F for 1 hour. Turn out on hot plate and serve with lemon flavored hard sauce or custard or lemon sauce.

■ A Canadian won the New York Newspaperwomen's Club annual scholarship to the most promising woman at the Columbia University School of Journalism. Winner is Judith M. Cross of Winnipeg.

In THE TOWN DRESS, the line is straight and narrow, the theme simplicity. For emphasis, the slender beauty of wool is dramatized here with the vivid contrast of hairline transverse stripes. Just one of the poised around-the-town fashions now at Eaton's.

Indian Dinner

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

salt of their earth and berries, roots, leaves or a few slivers of cedar (removed after cooking) were their oregano and marjoram.

Not bad either, this dash of conifer. The salmon had arrived by now. Maybe it wasn't quite up to what it would have been if pretty little Laughing Water, or a culinary Nokomis had been turning it on a spit all day over a hot campfire. But good it was, cedar flavoring included.

Teamed with the clu-boq were Indian roast potatoes, cut chip size and roasted in the oven. These of course should have been sizzled in hot embers, but Mr. Duker admitted that his Shaughnessy Heights neighbors might have thought it a mite odd to see one of Vancouver's most prominent businessmen cooking dinner for his guests over a fire in the back yard.

Oh sure, said Harry to the stickler for truth in his midst, he knew potatoes weren't native to the BC coast, but that's how the Indians cooked them when white men did introduce them along with firewater and indoor plumbing. But the Indians added their own touch and soused the 'taties in oolichan oil. His guests settled for melted butter.

No squaws had been out gathering them at sunrise when the dew was still on them, but the Indian compôte of stewed salal berries and huckleberries sweetened with wild honey, as proper, made a tangy windup to dinner à la Thunderbird.

The guests were stuffed in approved native fashion, but the host was disappointed. His diners had been uncooperative. They had refused to eat his feed with their fingers, which any Indian Emily Post would have said was only etiquette. They'd even sniffed at his suggestion that the soup and fruit should have been sipped chummily from a communal wooden ladle. The boors used knives, forks and spoons.

The curtain came down, though, according to Tillicum Hoyle. Big Chief Duker gave a present to his departing guests in true potlatch manner — a red tie, with handpainted Thunderbird totem for the men; a carved Thunderbird lapel pin for the women. Chances are if you see someone in these distinctive decorations they at least know the inside story of BC's Indians.

■ New appointments to the Senate of the University of Toronto include: Mary Hazel Macauley, University College; Grace Lillian Irwin, Victoria; Catherine L. Steele, Trinity; Mrs. Marie E. F. Garvey, St. Michael's; Maude E. Bruin, non-collegiate Bachelor of Arts; Mrs. Jean Whittemore, Household Science; Mary M. Skinner, Library Science; Eileen Cryderman, Nursing.

■ The question as to who would succeed energetic Kate Aitken as Director of Women's Activities at the Canadian National Exhibition has been answered. New Director is Elsa Jenkins with a background of fashion writing and TV commentating.

LIGHTER SIDE

The Day After Christmas

by Mary Lowrey Ross

THE DAY after Christmas I dropped in on my friend Miss A. to thank her for her Christmas gift. Apart from a piece of gay Christmas wrapping paper on the bottom of Rudyard's cage and a neat pile of gifts on the bridge table, everything in the apartment was already swept clear of Christmas.

"Happy New Year!" I said, "and thanks ever so much for the lovely bath set."

"Say 'Happy New Year' Rudyard," Miss A. said. But Rudyard, the parrot, edging warily along his perch, merely stared and said nothing.

"I've been teaching him some Christmas songs and carols," Miss A. said, "and he's coming along beautifully."

"Gawd!" Rudyard said.

"'God Rest Ye Merry'" Miss A. corrected, "Come on Rudyard, say it properly." But Rudyard, merely reversed himself and stared moodily out of the window.

"And thank *you* for the beautiful bed-jacket," Miss A. said. "I think those quilted bed-jackets are lovely." She paused a moment then said, "The only thing is, I hope you won't mind my mentioning it, but I never wear a bed-jacket."

"That's all right," I said. "I brought along the return slip."

"That was *very* thoughtful," Miss A. said. We sat down. "Did you have a nice Christmas?" I asked.

"Oh lovely," Miss A. said, "though I did feel a little badly that I wasn't able to give Rudyard a Christmas gift. He's terribly hard to choose for."

"I know," I said, "he just has everything." I moved over to the bridge-table. "Anyway, you got a lot of lovely gifts," I said.

MISS A. nodded. "Except that I got three more gift bath-sets," she said. "Heavens, just after I had managed to get rid of the bath-sets people gave me last year. However, I dare say the stores will take them back without a return slip. They're always very obliging at Christmas."

"Who gave you the lovely cinch-belt?" I asked.

Miss A. shrugged.

"That was my niece Margie," she said. "Fortunately she forgot and left the price tag on. Three-ninety-eight. Can you fancy me in a cinch-belt? You have to have a tiny, tiny waist—"

"And a round little—" Rudyard began, but Miss A. cut him off sharply. "The complete quotation Rudyard, or nothing at all."

Rudyard considered, then he said sulkily, "Like a bowlful of jelly," and went back to his cuttle-fish bone.

"Cousin Laura sent me a case of grapefruit from Florida," Miss A. went on. "Imagine! What on earth could I do with a whole case of grapefruit?" She looked at me thoughtfully. "I suppose you wouldn't care to take half?" she said.

"I'd be glad to buy half," I said, "we use a lot of grapefruit . . . What's that in the stone bottle?"

Miss A. brightened. "Oh that's Chinese rice wine that my laundryman Wu Ping gave me." She went into the kitchenette and came back with glasses. "It's absolutely non-alcoholic, really almost as mild as ginger ale. Only it does give you an odd feeling at the top of your head."

I TOOK a cautious sip and waited. The odd feeling came almost immediately. It was rather like being hit on the head with a hammer. I set the glass down and the room and Miss A. seemed to waver slightly, like a watery dissolve on the screen.

We sat still for a few minutes, recovering. Then Miss A. said abruptly. "Commercialism. That is what ruins Christmas. The ruthless spirit of commercialism that has, hup—pardon—taken advantage of one of the most sacred traditions of the human race."

Under the influence of Wu Ping's cordial I found myself catching Miss A.'s spirit. "Down with Christmas commercialism!" I cried. "Let us return to the realities of the simple Christmas festival. Deck the hall with ivy-oh."

"Peace on earth and mercy mild," Miss A. joined in.

"Troll the ancient Yule-tide carol!" I cried, "Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la."

"Peace on earth and mercy mild," said Rudyard. "Really almost as mild as ginger ale."

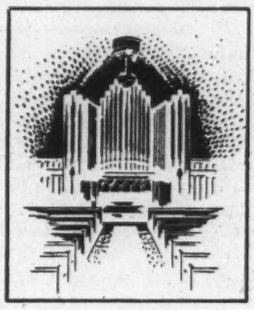
I got up a little shakily and Miss A. went with me to the door. "Christmas is no longer a Christian celebration," she said solemnly. "It is a festival for the retail trade." She opened the door, then paused. "Oh incidentally," she said. "I believe you said you had that return slip for the bed-jacket."

I found the slip and gave it to her.

"Well, Happy New Year!" Miss A. said.

"Merry Christmas and, hup—pardon—Happy New Year," Rudyard called from the living room.

"Did you hear *that*?" Miss A. said. "I've been trying to teach him that for a whole week." She was suddenly radiant. "That is my *real* Christmas present," she said.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

the canyon, the river narrowed to a hundred feet or less. Overhanging basaltic cliffs darkened the water; the current grew faster and the roar of the mad water became deafening. There were few obstacles in that half-mile of canyon, however, and for any craft that remained clear of the rocky walls, the risk of mishap was not great.

What travellers feared most were the White Horse Rapids; wild, boisterous, foaming, and half a mile long. The price of experience in those waters was high and many disasters occurred with some loss of life. Some of the men of '98 portaged at that point; others chose to run the rapids. At the lower end of the rapids was White Horse, in 1898 a tent-town.

The first fresh beef to reach Dawson City was from a small herd of thirty cattle which Jack Dalton delivered late in 1897. Burns was next to make delivery.

The cattle were bought in Oregon. They were gentle cattle and many were broken to work in harness. They could be hitched to sleighs to convey feed supplies on the trail, and they could be used to haul logs to the river at the point where cattle-rafts or beef rafts were to be constructed.

THE CATTLE raft was about 50 feet long and 40 feet wide with strong railings about it, and many divisions to ensure an even 40 to 50 head, penned off in groups of eight or ten. At high water such a raft was carried along briskly and the river journey from Labarge to Dawson made in good time. A derrick was erected and some beef was dressed while the raft drifted downstream so that upon arrival at Dawson sales could be made forthwith.

Selkirk or some other point below Rink Rapids was the end of the trail for the majority of the herds travelling in 1898. Early in the season, the rafts were built for live cattle but when the days shortened and weather turned cool, the herders generally slaughtered at the river and placed the quarters of beef on the rafts. Of the cattle shipped that year, more were slaughtered between Rink Rapids and the mouth of the Pelly than were delivered alive at Dawson.

William Henry left Calgary about the middle of June in 1898 with a herd of 180 Pat Burns' cattle and 22 saddle and pack horses. The cattle were five and six-year-old steers. Docking at Pyramid Harbor, the cattle, horses, feed supplies, and equipment were unloaded right on the beach and on July 1, the drive started over the Dalton trail. Crossing the summit, the herd dropped down towards the river and along the mighty Yukon, then passed Five Fingers and Rink Rapids to the mouth of the Pelly River, where the cattle were held until rafts could be constructed. It was September 20 when they reached Pelly. Henry and his helpers made their rafts upstream at Five Fingers. They made two rafts, each 74 feet long and 36 feet wide, with two sweeps at each end for steering. The rafts were taken down to the herd and the dressed carcasses and hides floated to Dawson. The river journey from Pelly to Dawson occupied ten days.

THAT BEEF met with a ready sale but at a slightly reduced price. The police bought 75,000 pounds at seventy-five cents a pound, and the balance, in smaller lots, brought $1.00 per pound. The hides were sold at fifty cents a pound; thus an 80-pound beef hide brought $40 or its equivalent in gold dust. It seems like rather luxurious dog feed.

In the spring of 1899 cattle were again moving to Dawson City. All cattle traffic was on the Dalton trail but in the meantime the White Pass had been chosen as most suitable for the projected railway, and construction went forward in 1899. In the fall of that year the narrow-gauge road had been extended to Bennett and river steamers were plying above and below the rapids. With the newer service, the transportation of cattle and other livestock was simplified considerably. After being carried over the mountains, cattle were placed on scows and towed down to Dawson, portaging only at White Horse Rapids.

The method of delivery changed a good deal as time went on. E. "Shorty" Merino, a cattleman reared on the Douglas Lake Cattle Company ranch in British Columbia, went to Dawson with a herd of 150 head of cattle in 1909. The heavy cattle, capable of dressing thousand-pound carcasses, were the property of the Pacific Cold Storage Company of Tacoma, Washington, but were from the company's Alberta ranch. They left Calgary on April 28 and arrived at Dawson City May 25. After landing at Skagway, the cattle were transported over the narrow-gauge railway of the White Pass and Yukon route, to White Horse. From the latter point, they were driven overland to Yukon Crossing, a ten-day journey which was made at the rate of twenty miles a day. No feed was carried but imported hay was bought at the stage stations along the way at $125 a ton. The final lap of the journey, from Yukon Crossing to Dawson (about 250 miles), was by barge.

The Klondike trade was of great benefit to the prairie growers; it put money in the ranchers' pockets, it relieved the ranges and it afforded an outlet for rough cattle, stags, oxen, and bulls, which otherwise would have met with slow sale. Above all, it proved that Canadian cattlemen could finish a difficult job as well as start it.

BRAIN-TEASER

LET'S TRY IT AGAIN

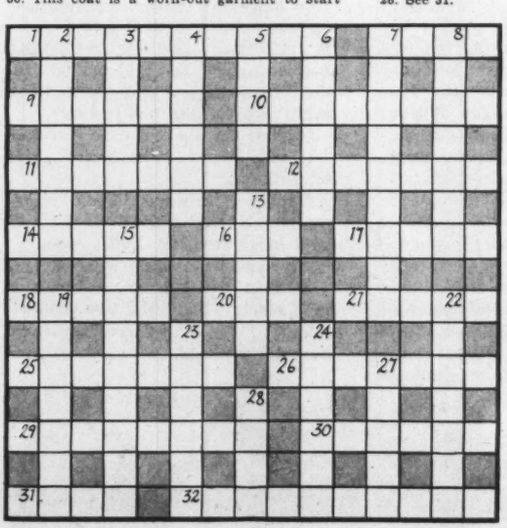
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1, 16, 7. Has the clock struck twelve? (8, 2, 3, 4)
9. Only a teetotaller should be this low in spirits on New Year's Eve. (6)
10. A drop of water in the eye? (8)
11. Father's age appears to be a matter of amusement. (7)
12. But he didn't win the bride. (4,3)
14. See 20.
16. See 1 and 20.
17. It gets me in the end. (5)
18 and 27. Awaiting service New Year's Eve? (5, 5)
20, 16, 31, 14. The gin for me? I bet it won't last long! (3, 3, 4, 5)
21. Song about lamps? (5)
25. Always horsing around with his head in the clouds. (7)
26. When a reveller wishes he was off his head, as it were. (7)
29. A drop of water on the fire, systematically? (8)
30. This coat is a worn-out garment to start with. (6)
31 and 28. No 18? (8)
32. With reference to the answers of a puzzle made for the New Year. (10)

DOWN

2. A sort of bum start shifting gear. (7)
3. One can't say the miser did this with his life. (5)
4. Where I'm always found, punctually. (2, 4)
5. This period of 31 is the devil! (4)
6 and 31. The man of the hour? (6, 4)
7. Dickens' work may cause depression. (4, 5)
8. Get rid of any link with the gang? (7)
13. "It has come again", as the housemaid said after the New Year party. (5)
15. In Crete, an edible fruit. (9)
19. Lead with the hip in contortion, in London's theatre-land. (7)
22. 1953 A. D. in relation to 2953 A.D.? (4,3)
23. A minute birth, according to Barnum. (6)
24. Herb's horse is colorful, perhaps. (6)
27. See 18.
28. See 31.



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. See 10
6. Apis
10 and 1 across. Proof of the pudding
11. Roberto
12. Chimes
13. and 32. Eat, drink and be merry
15. Unkind
16. Jackson
19. Integer
21 and 18. Cooked his goose
24. Good will
27. Vesper
29. Opposed
30. Athirst
31. Earn
32. See 13

DOWN

1. Topics
2. Emotion
3. Unfeeling
4. Daft
5. Norma
7. Parties
8. Stocking
9. Abed
14. Odor
16. Jack
17. Cooked ham
18. See 21
20. Trooper
22. Emperor
23. Pretty
25. Wise
26. Laden
28. Garb

LETTERS

Sex Criminals

DEAN MEREDITH'S article on "Law and the Sex Criminal" in Oct. 18 issue is a timely and authoritative one; I did wonder whether it was with tongue in cheek that he conceded such authority to popular sensation in his preamble: "One has only to read the newspapers to realize that . . . Thousands of the monsters are on the loose . . .".

With this distinguished author's exposition of the law there can be no quarrel. And outmoded as are the conceptions of personality and its disorders on which our present laws and precedents are based (one wonders how the medical public would fare if still treated on principles at the least a hundred years outdated!), we must rule and act according to them till the laws are changed.

Unfortunately, the article goes far beyond "Law and the Sex Criminal" into pronouncements on mental health and abnormality and their treatment which at times border on the naive: ". . . abnormal only in their sexual desires", "giving way to abnormal but nonetheless resistible impulses" are meaningless clichés, ignoring the complicated personality disorders of most sex deviants among whom, interestingly, can be included a high proportion of arsonists, some burglars and purse-snatchers, and many narcotic addicts. Surely Dean Meredith has personally examined few sex offenders.

Unfortunately, the difficulty of treating sex offenders and the relatively few psychiatrists trained in the required treatment give the medical profession no cause for optimism. There is, however, fairly competent understanding now of the mental processes involved, and in a limited number of cases these are *potentially reversible*. It is indeed naive to equate "nursing and hospitalization" with adequate psychiatric treatment (though I suspect that a few sex offenders might benefit from a little real love in their lives) and to suggest that treatment per se would be merely an escape from punishment. One other suggestion, that sterilization will render a sex offender harmless, is of course biologically incorrect. Even castration produces notoriously inconsistent results in human sex behavior.

If a non-jurist has suggestions to make, they are these: First, might the jurists recall how harsh their treatment of relatively petty criminals, and of the insane, was one hundred years ago, and how there just might be room for re-thinking in the next hundred years? Second, let sex crimes be judged without reference to their sexual content, and on the seriousness of the social nuisance, corruption, theft, arson, assault, or killing involved.

Third, let society be protected. Quite possibly punishment including the lash will help society (it will not really change the criminal); in which case, let lashings be public and publicized. Let the habitual criminal, sexual or otherwise, be secluded for the period of his criminal life, on the opinion of competent psychiatrists as well as jurists, with periodic reassessment of his case; whether seclusion is to be in prison or mental hospital is a not insignificant question.

Fourthly, let the criminal be treated if possible. This odious idea of help to society's enemy is the really controversial one. "Many of these fiends are intelligent and are gifted with personalities that make them attractive." Many thousands of dollars are presently wasted, and lost, through their being in prisons. Practically, a few criminals could right now be selected for potentially successful redemption, and such a pilot program might bring rich dividends in correctional experience.

WEST COAST MD.
New Westminster, BC

"57 Varieties": Engineers

IN an article by Dean Tupper of the University of Toronto entitled "Engineers and the Boom" he stated that they "are mostly civil engineers, mechanical engineers, electrical engineers and chemical engineers although a dozen or more varieties are recognized". Now I happen to be a mining engineer, thus belonging to one of the "57 varieties" so cavalierly referred to by Dean Tupper.

As a matter of fact mining engineering is one of the older branches of the profession, ranking in seniority or age after military, civil and mechanical engineering, in the order named. Electrical engineering did not come into existence until the latter half of the nineteenth century, consequent on the development of industrial electricity. Chemical engineering is even later; when I left college in 1902, there were chemists but no chemical engineers.

The education of a mining engineer is along broader lines than most of the other branches, as in addition to mathematics and the principles of engineering, he has to be trained in chemistry, geology and economics, as sooner or later he will be confronted by the problems of management. Furthermore, next to subsistence, the material part of our civilization rests on the exploitation of mineral deposits which is the mining engineer's special field, so that mining is second in importance to no other branch of the profession at the present time.

Toronto, Ont. J. A. REID

Engineers' Salaries

RE THE article in a recent issue "Why Have We A Shortage of Engineers?" such fantastic beatings around the bush I've never known. There is only one cause for the situation. . . *money*.

I am the wife of an engineer. He spent four years getting his degree at University and then was hired in 1938 for the munificent sum of $80 per month. He joined the army and we knew relative prosperity during the war years on a captain's pay. When he returned the job which interested him most paid $250. In five years that amount has risen to $450.

A friend of mine married a doctor. Last year, after completing his first year in practice, his wife said to me, "We're just sick. We have to pay $5000 income tax." I wanted to say but had too much pride, "My heart just bleeds for you . . . that's our total salary."

Recently somebody came out with a statistical gem—engineers were the highest paid professional group in Canada. What balderdash! Consulting engineers, yes, but if you laid all the consulting engineers in Canada end to end they wouldn't stretch half way across the Lion's Gate Bridge. Yet about 30,000 of them work as employees of industry at salaries ranging from $250 to $500. Perhaps with 20 years' service you get over $600.

In today's labor market the situation is ridiculous. The man who designs and is responsible for a piece of construction, may be paid the same or less as the man on the job with a rivetting gun or bulldozer.

ENGINEER'S WIFE
North Vancouver, BC

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